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THURSDAY
April 23, 1903

THE MIRROR

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The Mirror

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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THE DEDICATION MIRROR

NEXT week's issue will be the DEDICATION MIRROR. It will be commemorative of the great event in the history of the City of St. Louis and former Louisiana Territory. Some of its features will be of decided historic interest. The DEDICATION MIRROR will be something worth buying and preserving. That there will be a great demand for it goes without saying. Therefore, send in your orders as early as possible, and "avoid the rush."



THE April number of the *Valley Magazine* is for sale at all news stands. There is nothing exactly like it. To read it is to enjoy it. So don't fail to buy the April number. Price, 10 cents per copy.

REFLECTIONS

The Boodle Investigation

REPUBLICAN machine organs are showing purblind asininity in endeavoring to make political capital out of the results of the investigation into boodling at Jefferson City. Partisan bigotry has befuddled their mental endowment so completely that they fail to see and to appreciate that it is Democratic and not Republican officials who conduct the prosecution of Democratic legislators. In their eagerness to further partisan purposes they are unable to understand that if the Democratic party in Missouri were as corrupt as they declare it to be, the investigation would never have been instituted. The Democratic party, as a whole, can no more be held blamable for boodling in the Legislature than can its Republican censors. It is only a vile and vicious partisan spirit that will, vulture-like, feed and grow on corruption. The boodlers who have been caught in the meshes of justice will be given the punishment deserved, irrespective of party affiliations. The conscience of Missouri Democracy has been thoroughly aroused by these boodling disclosures. It is not disposed to wink at corruption in any form. And as long as this is the case, it is only the Republican partisan fanatic who will emit shrieks of Democratic dishonesty and degeneration.



Dante's Writings

INTERPRETERS of Dante appear to be increasing in number. Every year or so, another work makes its appearance in which the vain attempt is made to bring some system and sense into the obscure passages in the writings of the great and sombre Italian. These ambitious interpreters should spare themselves the pain involved in such efforts. There is no possibility that they will ever be able to accomplish anything of real value. For Dante has been, is and will remain obscure and unintelligible. Besides, it looks like an unpardonable waste of time and brain tissue to try to give an exact explanation of the mediaeval religiosity of the Italian, who was, undoubtedly, and in spite of his breadth of learning and profound depth of thought, a saturnine fanatic in his religious and politic beliefs. His writings may be read, but will never be really understood. And it is doubtful if this can be regarded as much of a literary loss.



Lest We Forget

It behooves us to bear in mind, within the few days that still separate us from Dedication day, that if we are not properly prepared for our many thousands of visitors, the material interests of the World's Fair, as well as of the city, will be seriously prejudiced. Nothing should be left undone to provide cleanliness, safety, order and all the lodging and street car facilities that are available. The city will be put upon its mettle. Let us see to it that it redeems itself honorably.



No Solution

AFTER reading some of the lately published letters of Charles Darwin, and pondering the rather wearisomely intricate discussions of natural selection and evolutions, I asked myself the question: How can any one consider Darwinism a solution of the mysteries of the origin and tendencies of life? For, so far as I am able to see or to understand, there is more

metaphysics in the scientific system of the great Englishman than there is in Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." There is more justification for a belief in the Divine inspiration of the Bible than in the rationality of Darwinism. One feels more in a profound state of mental bewilderment in studying the evolutionists than in laboring among the elaborate dogmas of theologians. No matter what they may say to the contrary, I am convinced that science, like everything else, rest on mere belief. The Mosaic conception of the creation of the world and man appeals as much to the credulous as does evolutionism. It is all a matter of belief, or shall we say of intellectual taste? What appears a proven fact to one, is a matter of mere belief to another. Darwinism is productive of some deep thinking, but does not solve anything. After you are through studying it, you are just as wise as you were before. Even if there should be such a thing as phylogeny in the Darwinian sense, there still remains the "door to which we have no key," and "the veil through which we cannot see."



Bright Prospects

REPORTS from the agricultural regions are unqualifiedly encouraging. A tremendous winter wheat crop is practically assured, and indications are that the spring wheat, corn and cotton acreage will be considerably larger than it was last year. The business community has, therefore, every reason to look into the future without any serious distrust, in spite of the late violent shake-up in stocks and flurries in the money market. For at the bottom of all real prosperity lies our agricultural wealth and production. It is not the stock-jobber, but the farmer who is the real producer of prosperity. It is the man with the hoe, and not the "tape-worm," hanging over the stock-ticker, who makes the wheels of industry go round. Another year of bumper crops will go a long way towards removing some of the evil effects of the last few years' hairbrained, hysterical stock-speculation. We are heavily indebted to Europe, the consolidation mania having forced Wall street financiers to borrow hundreds of millions in London, Paris and Berlin. These loans have to be redeemed sometime, and the redemption cannot possibly be effected in a more convenient or more satisfactory manner to both parties than by the exporting of our agricultural surplus products. It is well known that the great financiers are scanning the crop news from the West and South more carefully than they ever did before. They know why. They know that crop failures would quickly destroy the little hope which they still have that the speculative position and monetary position may yet right itself without calling for a further reduction of loans and a further and still more disastrous shrinkage in the values of securities. Thus it is that the farmer, this year, must more than ever be regarded as Wall street's only salvation.



How to Help Them

THAT the social and economic conditions prevailing among our working classes are in need of urgent and thorough-going reform is generally conceded. In fact, it is patent to every thinking observer, and has been commented upon, in pessimistic manner, by many whose hearts bleed at the sight of things which are utterly out of place in an age which boasts its superiority to any which went before. It may truly be said that there is no more important and pressing problem

than that which concerns itself with the devising of means to remedy existing wrongs, to adjust contending elements and to mitigate the periodical violent clashes of rival interests, of hate and envy. I felt inspired to make these remarks after a careful perusal of a little volume, entitled "the Workingman and Social Problems," the author of which is a well-known St. Louisan, Rev. Charles Stelzle. This thoughtful study should be in the hands of every one whose love of mankind has not been utterly stifled by purblind materialism and that crass form of egoism which apotheosizes self, might and the dollar.



Water Ways and Exports

THERE is an ever recurring wail from New York, Boston and Philadelphia regarding the falling off in export shipment *via* those ports. Various means are proposed to remedy this and to stop the movement to New Orleans and Galveston. Among them is the construction of a canal connecting the Atlantic with lake ports and permitting of the passage of lake-going vessels. It is dubious, however, whether even this would bring about much, if any of the change desired. As matters stand, it would seem that the only thing that could again be expected to emphasize and assure the maritime supereminence of the East is the construction of a canal of sufficient depth to allow of the passage of ocean-going vessels from Atlantic ports to Buffalo. Such an enterprise would, however, entail the expenditure of a much larger amount of money than the State of New York is willing to stand for. Broadly considered, there is practically nothing that can prevent the steady growth of export shipments *via* New Orleans and Galveston, two ports which are the natural outlets for the agricultural regions of the Mississippi Valley. And this growth would be still more remarkable, and still more to the disadvantage of Eastern ports, if the National Government could be prodded into seeing the necessity of scientifically improving the Mississippi River and making it into what it would be—a valuable artery of inland and ocean-going commerce. Improvement work of this kind, if done along proper lines, would not be very costly, and prove one of the best investments that the Government ever made. What the monitor *Arkansas* is able to do at a certain season of the year, should be an easy task for ocean-going craft of the lighter sort at all seasons of the year. The commercial and industrial benefits which St. Louis would derive from an improved Mississippi River, and as an inland seaport, are simply incalculable.



An Echo of the Dreyfus Case

It begins to look as if the innocence of Alfred Dreyfus would yet be established. A few days ago, M. Jaurès, the brilliant leader of French Socialists, affirmed and proved in the Chamber of Deputies that M. Cavaignac, when Minister of War, had made himself an accomplice in the anti-Dreyfus intrigues of Mercier and his tribe by refusing to sanction an investigation into the charges of forgery preferred by General Pellieux. M. Cavaignac, who is now also a Deputy, defended himself on the ground that it was *raisons d'état* which induced him to discountenance an investigation at that time, but such a plea may be said to make his moral cowardice only the more hideous. For no reason of State can be held to warrant the stifling of truth in cases of this kind, where the reputation and very life of a man is at stake. M. Cavaignac had, undoubtedly, good reason, when Minister of War, seriously to question the truth of the accusation brought against Dreyfus. The suicide of Col. Henry, the forger, should alone have sufficed to make him look through the cabals of military Jew-baiters and rascals, who endeavored to hide their own guilt

by fabricating evidence against Dreyfus on which that unfortunate officer was sent to Devil's Island, off the coast of French Guiana. M. Jaurès' public indictment of M. Cavaignac was vigorously applauded by his colleagues and substantiated by M. Brisson, the ex-Premier, of whose cabinet M. Cavaignac was a member. The Socialist leader is entitled to full credit for his fearless attack upon the execrable plotters in the army, and for his damning exposure of State officials in whose cowardly hearts reasons of State outweighed the truth. Although he is generally and sneeringly classified among the idealists, M. Jaurès towers head and shoulder above the military-clerical poltroons in the Chamber of Deputies. He may be a dreamer, yet he has the right sort of heart in the right place.



To Know Oneself

WHILE this cry of warning against overwork is going up everywhere, let us not forget that it is, in many cases, not too much work, but irregular habits, vicious modes of living and excesses of various kinds which cause nervous and physical breakdowns. The man who lives as he should, who takes care of himself, and is moderate in indulging appetites, can stand a vast amount of hard work without being much the worse for it. There is such a thing as the art of living, and, like all arts, it must be studied and can be acquired. To know oneself, to know the exact degree of our physical and intellectual strength, to know how to put restraints upon our cravings, to know our needs and habits and capacity for work, is an art that easily takes superiority to all others. There is no reason to be afraid of work, or of doing too much of it, but there is reason to be afraid of our moral weaknesses, of our habits of over-indulgence, of our disposition to value pleasure above everything else. The man who knows himself thoroughly, who has mastered himself, and tamed the beast that is within him, may be said to have found the best means of prolonging his life and of increasing his earthly happiness. This may be a very trite truth, but it is a truth, nevertheless, and one which is, as a rule, not fully appreciated until we have arrived at that stage where we are no longer able to live up to it.



A Salutory Law

SOME six years ago, there occurred a negro lynching in Champaign County, Ohio. The heirs of the victim, taking advantage of a State law making counties liable for lynchings within their borders, filed suit for damages, and were awarded a verdict for five thousand dollars. The county appealed to the Supreme Court of the State, alleging that the law was unconstitutional. The verdict of the lower court was affirmed, however, the law upheld, and the county ordered to pay over the five thousand dollars. This it has since done. As a means to discourage lynching bees, this Ohio law bids fair to prove effective. In nine cases out of ten, even the most frenzied mob will hesitate to go to extremes, when it knows that by following its brutal instincts it will make itself liable in damages to the heirs of the victim. In this connection, it may be noted that laws of a similar kind have recently been enacted even in some of the Southern States.



Universal Language Fads

L. ZAMENHOF, a Russian, is credited with having invented a new language for international use, which is to be called "Esperanto," and to take the place of the late lamented "Volapuk." This again shows that a dearly beloved fad will die hard, and brave all sorts of hardships and ridicule. The idea of a universal language is idiotic. Besides, it is not at all proven that

the successful establishment of a single language throughout the world is a desideratum. Mankind is, taken as a whole, a dull multitude, and would be still duller, if it were to use only one idiom. A complete disappearance of the remaining distinctive racial or national qualities and languages and customs would be nothing less than a calamity. There is already too much oneness and sameness, too much imitation and adaptation. Mankind would be a loser and not a gainer by the adoption of a universal language. However, there is ample consolation in the thought that these linguistic fads are merely fads. They are born and die prematurely. And nothing else could be expected of them. For no language, no matter how simple or attractive it may be, can hope to live, if it is not rooted in the heart, and part of the life and history and ideals, of a people.



Feminine Beauty

A FEMININE iconoclast, with physical culture proclivities, has uttered the sweeping dictum that the waist of the Venus of Milo represents a perversion of true beauty in the female form, inasmuch as it is entirely too expansive and amplitudinous. Says she: "If she had held herself up straight and carried herself like queens and American girls, she would have had her surplus adipose distributed to other parts of her anatomy without the use of a corset." In these days of dullness and vernal lassitude, the feminine waist is certainly an inspiring and fascinating subject for discussion. Does it not seem, however, as if the debate should be limited to males who have reached their years of discretion and sensory experience in the pursuit of the *ars amandi*? Man's view of what the feminine waist should or should not be must be considered of more weight than that of a woman who has an eye for physical culture, but not for physical beauty. The average male admires beauty rather than culture. And in *re* waists he is more inclined to go into raptures over one which gratifies his primordial craving for comfortable and adjustable amplitude rather than the one which gives him a feeling of contractive insubstantiality.



The Macedonian Troubles

THINGS have assumed a dangerous aspect in Macedonia. The insurrectionists have already had several engagements with Turkish troops, and seem to be intent upon making good their recent threats to drive out the Moslem oppressor. They are, admittedly, receiving material and moral support from co-religionists in Serbia, Greece and Bulgaria. The latter country is known to be fostering the spirit of rebellion with the secret hope that the Macedonians, after their final liberation, will consent to the annexation of Macedonia to Bulgaria. Ever since the day when Prince Alexander won such a signal triumph over the neighboring Servians, the Bulgarians have been itching for glory and aggrandizement. They are a virile, pushing and aggressive race, and evidently convinced that they will, eventually, become the predominant power on the Balkan peninsula. By the very force of circumstances, they are compelled to submit, at times, to Russian dictation, but this does not deter or discourage them from pursuing a distinctively national policy of their own. The future plans and hopes of Bulgaria are, however, in a state of jeopardy, owing to the rising ambitions of Austria-Hungary, Greece, Serbia and Italy. The first-named government contemplates extending its influence from the southern frontier of Bosnia to Salonica on the Adriatic Sea, and its designs are actively furthered by its ally, the government of Germany. Greece is basing Macedonian hopes on the fact that a large part of the population of the dissatisfied Turkish province is of its own race. Serbia is the rival of Bulgaria, thoroughly Russophile,

and determined to enlarge its territory, while Italy is interested in the progress of events on the peninsula on account of its growing commercial sphere in Montenegro and Albania, and the agitation kept up in such a persistent manner by the Irredentist party, which, for some historical reasons, asserts that the whole Adriatic coast, from Trieste to the Greek frontier, forms part of *Italia irredenta* (unliberated Italy.) What the actual Macedonian plans for the future really are, cannot be accurately determined at this distance. There is, however, some reason to believe that the majority of the Macedonians are in favor of complete autonomy and striving to set up an independent government and state of their own. That the puzzling Balkan problem will be solved within the next ten years is extremely doubtful. The jealousies of the great powers and the various nationalities on the peninsula bid fair unduly to prolong the stay of the Turk on the soil of Europe. Of course, in the end he will have to go. The régime of the Moslem is a disgrace to European civilization, is in perpetual conflict with Christian ideals of government, and it would be idle to expect the moral conscience of the civilized world much longer to tolerate the maintenance of such outrageously tyrannical conditions as the people of Albania and Macedonia are now endeavoring to have remedied by bloody encounters with the troops of the Sultan.

Abortive Popular Government

As striking examples of what popular government should not be, San Domingo, Honduras and Venezuela are entitled to the yellow button rank. The revolutionary state seems to have become chronic in each of them. Popular will is no more in evidence or respected there than it is in Morocco or Wadai. The rights and security of persons and property are constantly in jeopardy. Commerce is languishing. There is no enterprise, no stability, no order. And there will not be until the United States assumes direct or indirect control of the affairs of every one of these exotic republics. Judging by recent developments and the current trend of things, "benevolent" annexation, or something of that sort, offers the best solution of the vexing problem. To set up a plea for forbearance, on the ground that these people have set up a popular government, is idiotic, because absolutely unjustified by actual conditions. They have a right to govern, but not to misgovern themselves. Every government, in this age of the world, has to make some pretense at decency and order, and live up to it. If it does not, it forfeits the right to exist.

Tariff Revision

MR. ELIHU ROOT, of the War Department, taking advantage of the temporary lull in the Ladrone's activity in the Philippines, declared a few days ago that tariff revision was not necessary, and demanded only by that insignificant minority which is always in opposition. Mr. Root may be a good lawyer and a good office general, but it is very questionable if he can be considered strong in his political economy. He is in favor of protection, simply because his party is committed to it. He does not see any necessity for tariff revision, simply because his party is against it. He thinks that those demanding tariff revision are in minority, simply because his party has, temporarily, the upperhand. Mr. Root is what the Spaniards call a *politicastro*. He believes in his party, rather than in principles or logic. This may be loyalty, but it is not common sense. This may be shrewdness, but it is not honesty. To condemn a demand for certain legislation, merely on the ground that it emanates from a supposed minority, is rash and irrational. The justice of a demand, or the truth of a cause, does not depend upon mere numbers. What may be a minority to-day,

may be an overwhelming majority to-morrow. Arguments of the Root kind are worth nothing, because they prove nothing. The cry for tariff revision cannot be stifled by frivolous persiflage, nor by an *ad hominem* appeal to party prejudices. Tariff revision will be had, no matter what Mr. Root and his friends may say. It will be to the Republican party's advantage to heed the signs of the times by lowering some of the outrageously high and monopoly-sheltering duties which the Dingley tariff contains. If it remains deaf to all appeals for revision, if it remains wedded to its idols of protective orthodoxy, it will soon be a party that has been. The tariff will be the principal issue of the Presidential campaign of 1904, and while it is agitating the masses of voters, Mr. Root may be given opportunity to recognize that the minority favoring revision is not so hopelessly insignificant as he at present imagines.

Religious Agitation in England

INDICATIONS are multiplying that the Church of England is rapidly drifting towards disestablishment. Dissension within it is rife, and late parliamentary action seems to have intensified the spirit of hostility against the institution among the liberal-thinking elements. Recent articles in leading English magazines make it quite plain that there really is a "Church crisis in England." Most of the trouble appears to originate in the ritualistic movement, to suppress which a bill has lately been introduced in the House of Commons. This bill has evoked a storm of protest and indignation. One paper goes so far as to declare that "the men who concocted the 'Discipline' bill are tyrants of the worst kind—religious tyrants, or, rather, men who indulge their lust for power in the sacred name of religion." The ritualistic or "Roman" party is gaining in prestige and in the number of its adherents. It has become a force that can no longer be ignored. That it can be suppressed by any Act of Parliament is extremely doubtful. The time has passed when men will brook governmental interference with their religious beliefs or practices. A government that favors the passing of measures of suppression and oppression is doomed. Mr. Balfour will make the mistake of his life by intermeddling in affairs of this kind. What is now agitating the Church of England can be directly traced to the historic Oxford Movement of fifty years ago, which resulted in John Henry Newman's conversion to the Roman Catholic faith. The passage of the "Discipline" bill will only hurt the Church and hasten its disestablishment. Religious "force bills," at this late day, are an anachronism which liberal-thinking Englishmen cannot and will not tolerate. The Balfour government should recognize the advisability of keeping out of religious wrangles.

In Statu Quo Ante

As a consequence of the Northern Securities decision, the railroads are in the same position which they occupied in the early part of 1901, or before the consummation of the "deal" which ended in the absorption of the Burlington by the Great Northern and Northern Pacific. Competition, which consolidation was avowedly intended to obliterate, has again been put in force, and industrial collectivism thus received a decided check. The full meaning and scope of the decision can only be grasped when it is remembered that the Trans-Missouri and Joint Traffic Association rulings of the Federal Supreme Court, five or six years ago, have made it practically impossible for railroads to enter into pooling, or "gentlemen's" agreements. The Sherman anti-trust law, as lately construed, prohibits all pooling agreements as well as combinations. Some time ago, the academical financiers and economists had much to say in relation to the prospective benefits to be derived from the wiping out of

all competition. According to their fine-spun reasoning, Morgan and Hill had banished competition from the arena of business forever. Now that it has again been made the all-controlling factor, it will be interesting to note the gradual veering around of "doctrinaire" opinion to those old economic theories which have stood the test of time and change. It is quite likely that those who are now disposed to criticize the decision in the Northern Securities case will, after a while, be most eager to heap encomiums upon it, and declare it the corner-stone of a new economic era. So far as the railroads themselves are concerned, there is no probability that the checkmating of the consolidation movement will hurt them to any perceptible extent. They have all the business they can handle; their treasuries are running over and crop prospects are splendid. They will continue to do business at the old stand, and, perhaps, to much better pecuniary advantage in the end.

An Endless Succession of Bores

DR. FUNK, the well-known New York scholar and publisher, had an interesting interview, recently, with the spirit of his departed friend, Henry Ward Beecher, during which the latter made a numismatic revelation of the—to Dr. Funk—highest importance. Dr. Funk makes solemn asseveration that everything is "straight" about this supernatural visit and disclosure, and that he fully recognized his ghostly interlocutor. Of course, we can do naught else but take his word for it. Yet it is passing strange that the ghost of Henry Ward Beecher should still take such profound interest in the numismatic fad as to go to the trouble to "visit the glimpses of the moon" with no other purpose but to enlighten the sorely worried mind of his scholarly friend in regard to the whereabouts of a certain much-valued coin. Verily, these poor ghosts must feel bored to another death, in the other world, if they can be induced to listen to appeals of the kind that Dr. Funk made. What a horror-inspiring vista of endless bores this incident opens up to our mental vision!

The Decision Modified

JUDGE SANBORN, in granting an appeal to the United State Supreme Court, also consented to modify the judgment in the Northern Securities case by giving the defendants permission to pay dividends on their \$400,000,000 stock. Considering the fact that the decision was rendered unanimously, it seems peculiar that Judge Sanborn should arrogate to himself the right to make such an important modification without consulting the other three judges. The equity rules alone do not warrant the assumption of such an amount of authority. In a case which vitally affects both parties to the suit as well as the people, and which promises to establish an historical and epoch-making precedent, the advice of every one of the Judges should have been sought and obtained in regard to a modification which materially impairs the scope and value of the judgment.

Unearned Dividends

THE Metropolitan Street Railway Company, of New York, now stands under the charge of having issued bonds to pay dividends on its stock. It is alleged that the shareholders have been robbed of at least thirty million dollars. This news has created quite a sensation, and revealed another feature of latter-day financiering which can hardly be considered likely to make for a restoration of confidence and optimism. Yet, the Metropolitan has, after all, offended no worse, in this respect, than have various other corporations. The payment of unearned dividends has been one of the star tricks of stock-jobbers for several years. There are many stocks which have been

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boosted to the limit by the distribution of borrowed money to shareholders. And there are many others on which dividend payments can be maintained only by a "skinning" of properties. In the end, of course, such things are bound to leak out somehow, and to play the very devil with quotations. In the Metropolitan case, financiering of this kind has resulted in a drop in the price of the shares from 200 to almost 125. As things are going, there is strong ground to believe that, eventually, the property will drift into the hands of receivers. It would have done this already but for the organization of a securities company, about a year ago, which tended to throw sand into the eyes of many suspicious stockholders.



Talkative Commanders

GENERAL BALDWIN, the Colorado military department commander, is remarkably apt and delicate in the invention of similes. The other day, he confidentially told a newspaper reporter that American white soldiers must be regarded as full-blooded dogs, and negroes and Filipinos as mere contemptible curs. This delicate comparison attracted so much attention that the War Department asked the soldierly rhetorician to explain. Of course, he explained in the manner that has become fashionable with loquacious officers. He simply informed his superiors that he did not say what the reporter put in his mouth, and that his words did not mean what the reporter thought they did. With this the incident must be regarded as closed, at least officially. We would like to give the General the benefit of the doubt, but there is strong ground to suspect that he was correctly quoted. And this is the impression which the incident will produce among the Filipinos. What a pity it is that military discipline is, apparently, unable to prevent military officers from taking themselves too seriously, and from talking in a manner that is calculated to embarrass the Government and unnecessarily to offend the feelings of people whom our flag protects, or with whom we are at hom our flag protects, or with whom we are at peace.



A National Scandal

THE Post Office Department scandal is assuming unexpectedly large dimensions. Many officials and employes are said to be involved. The investigation is being prosecuted in a vigorous manner, and Mr. Payne, the Postmaster General, is determined to probe things to the bottom. Three divisions of the department are under investigation. It has been ascertained that an organization of official grafters has been at work for years "bleeding" employes in the division of salaries and allowances in a most rascally manner. This organization is known as the "promotion syndicate." Its *modus operandi* was to exact a spot cash payment, with an additional monthly payment of a percentage of salary. In the free delivery division, letter carriers, with the proper kind of political protection, were appointed over better qualified competitors, in spite of the merit system standards. It is also alleged that advance information regarding territory to be selected for new free delivery routes was given, in a corrupt way, to certain makers of delivery wagons, so as to enable them to make their sales even before rival concerns knew anything about the routes. In the registry division, evidence has been secured tending to prove that certain banks were made the depositories of department funds, in return for a percentage of the deposits to the men who caused these particular banks to be chosen. There is a probability that even some prominent Congressmen will be found involved in this astounding scandal. The investigation has been placed into the hands of Mr. Bristow, who was so effective, some time ago, in exposing corruption in governmental departments in Cuba, and the Postmaster General has given assurance that Mr. Bristow shall have

unlimited authority and scope in running down corruptionists. The disclosures give some indication of the advanced state of corruption which exists in some of the departments at Washington. Grafting, favoritism and nepotism have adroitly unscrupulous ways of attaining their ends, and to keep them at bay requires the constant vigilance of honest officials.



A Vicious System

IT is stated that philanthropic endowments, last year, aggregated one hundred million dollars. The principal givers were John D. Rockefeller, Henry C. Frick, Andrew Carnegie and J. Ogden Armour. Every one of these men has been or is scraping his millions together while enjoying valuable privileges and the benefits of a protective tariff. Every one of them gives away part of that which really belongs to the people. This does not necessarily imply that they do wrong. They only make use of those means of extortion which have been given them by the Government. It is not they, but our vicious system of taxation and inconsiderate granting of privileges which must be held responsible for the accumulation of wealth in the hands of a few.



Hotel Building

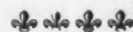
IN discussing the urgency of building more hotels in St. Louis, little attention is paid to one very important item, and that is the largely enhanced cost of labor and material. It is estimated that there has been a rise from thirty to forty per cent, since 1897, in wages, and the average price of commodities. At the present time, the commodity index is exceptionally, in fact, abnormally high. That it will much longer remain what it is, is very doubtful. A reaction is inevitable. If signs are not misleading, it is already approaching. In view of this, hotel promoters have some excuse for going slow, for adopting an attitude of calculating caution. To invest five hundred thousand dollars in a hotel at the present time would be the right thing to do if there were any reasonable assurance of an indefinite continuation of present conditions. But it is not the right thing to do, when there is reason to apprehend a material lowering of values, and a consequential sharp reduction in the yield on the investment. There are two sides to every proposition, and it is entirely unreasonable to consider that one solely which commends itself to popular favor and holds out but temporary advantages. Business is business, and especially so in matters of investment. It would be a different thing, of course, if labor and material were not at such an extravagantly high level. In that case, the fear of a reaction would not have the intimidating and restraining effect which it has at the present day. God knows, we are sorely in need of more hotels. St. Louis could well afford to have three times the number it possesses. But it will not have them until the cost of building has been lowered, and possible labor troubles have become less of a factor to be taken into serious consideration.



No Time to Lose

THERE is plenty of reason why the Terminal Association ordinances should be passed without further petty haggling about terms and amendments. It cannot be said that they are, taken as a whole, prejudicial to the interests of the city. The Association is anxious to make all those improvements which the people of this city have been clamoring for, and to enlarge terminal facilities sufficiently to handle the vast World's Fair traffic with ease and rapidity. To waste precious time in efforts to obtain more advantageous terms for the city would be highly reprobable. The city needs the improvements. Without them, the World's Fair will not be the success desired and

hoped for. Situated as the city is, and considering the physical impossibility of completing various public improvements depending upon the bond issue of seven million dollars, the municipal assembly can afford to relent and to be less exacting in its demands. If we cannot have public we should at least have terminal improvements. Anything calculated to insure the success of the World's Fair invites endorsement, if it is at all acceptable in other respects. St. Louis business men should take more interest in this highly important matter, and use every effort to expedite the passage of the ordinances in question.



THE IDOL OF THE PLEBS

BY FRANCIS A. HOUSE.

THE whirligig of time removes prejudices and passions; it clarifies opinion and restores reputation. It reveals the truly pusillanimous and the truly great. This ancient truth was never more strikingly illustrated than at the late celebration, at Washington, of Thomas Jefferson's birthday. Among the speakers who rendered glowing tribute and homage to the virtues of the illustrious American were leaders of both great parties, among them being: Senator George F. Hoar, Charles Emory Smith and William Jennings Bryan. The first-named, who is one of the Republican leaders in the Senate, delivered the most notable address of the occasion. In eloquent words, he eulogized the character, ideas and achievements of Jefferson, saying, *inter alia*: "The author of the Declaration of Independence stands in human history as the foremost man who ever lived, whose influence has led men to govern themselves in the conduct of States by spiritual laws, not formulas to be assented to, but rules of life to be governed by. It was due to Jefferson that our fathers laid deep the foundation of the State in the moral law. They first set to mankind the great example and exhibited the mighty spectacle—the sublimest spectacle in the universe, of a great and free people voluntarily governing itself by a law higher than its own desire."

To these laudatory words of Senator Hoar Democrats and Republicans will be equally willing to subscribe. The memory of Thomas Jefferson is an inspiration that shall last as long as this Republic endures. The man who wrote the Declaration of Independence, the greatest document of liberty framed since the day when brutal King John was forced by his sturdy Barons to subscribe his name to Magna Charta, at Runnymede, will forever hold the deep, patriotic affections of all true Americans to whom democracy is not what Edmund Burke, in an ill-guarded moment, declared it to be—"the most shameless thing on earth."

If it had not been for the influence of Jefferson, the political principles of Alexander Hamilton, who had no faith in popular government and favored an oligarchy, might easily have gained the upperhand and the support of the people. Hamilton's prestige was at its apogee at the close of Washington's second administration. He was persistently and ardently in favor of a strongly centralized government, and there were many prominent men who considered his name one to conjure with. It is alleged that even Washington himself leaned towards the Hamiltonian view of American government.

It was Jefferson who at all times asserted his unswerving faith in the ability of the people to govern themselves. More than any other of his historical contemporaries, he believed in a "government of the people, by the people and for the people." Jefferson was imbued with the political principles of the wise Montesquieu and the brilliantly radical Jean Jaques Rousseau. He had studied the history of mankind;

A POET PHILOSOPHER

BY HAROLD D. MEISTER.

ONE of the most brilliant philosophical writers of modern times was Frederick Nietzsche, whose death occurred less than three years ago. About the merits of his works there has been, and still is, raging an almost acrid discussion. Many are his admirers and many are his detractors. The former consider him the prophet of a new life, while the latter would fain make us believe that he was merely a raving, addle-brained radical, a dreamer of fantastic dreams, a builder of impossible worlds, an iconoclast gone mad. While thus the polemicists have their way, the works of Nietzsche continue to spread their influence, not alone in Europe, but likewise in this country.

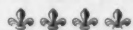
That Nietzsche will ever become popular, in the sense in which that term is generally understood, is most unlikely. For he is, essentially, the philosopher of intellectual aristocrats, of lonely, longing spirits, of lovers of the beautiful and the strong and the true in life. His speculations are wholly, and almost repellantly, unorthodox in their teaching. His biased psychology and his radical individualism confuse and frighten the common herd, the staid and the conservatives.

"But if Nietzsche's philosophical conclusions are unsound, and indeed tinged with madness, why should we consider them of importance?" the specialists ask. The answer to this is plain. Nietzsche is to be taken as a great stimulus to the mind, as a highly destructive criticism of most modern assumptions. Nietzsche is to be enjoyed in the same spirit that we enjoy Voltaire, read Juvenal, or go to hear Wagner—his curious distinction being that he, most of all writers, is employing the highly effective methods of the artist in his search for an arbitrary set of truths without troubling himself to create cunning artistic illusions. Now this is what is confusing and irritating to the specialist or the learned person generally. Tell the musicians that "The Case of Wagner" is the most brilliantly intellectual piece of musical criticism ever written, or tell theologians or psychologists that "A Genealogy of Morals," though biased in its investigation, and false, if you like, in its conclusions, lets in more light on the subject than three score of orthodox treatises, and these specialists will turn from you in disgust. Similarly, severe classical scholars no doubt hold that "The Birth of Tragedy," the splendid piece of critical insight, is a most misleading hypothesis. It is no doubt from some such point of view that M. Fouillée has lately written an instructive scientific paper on Nietzsche and Darwinism (*The International Monthly*), in which he points out that Nietzsche's ethical doctrines are a negation of the best established laws of biology and sociology, and that for "true scientific ethics" we must turn to Guyau, the French philosopher. We do not doubt it, and we are surprised to learn, that there exists any school of Continental philosophy which has accepted seriously Nietzsche's anti-humanitarian, anti-democratic, anti-Christian systems of ethics. Indeed, we do not believe it. But the error, on the other hand, of ignoring Nietzsche and of passing him over as a negligible quality—an error typical of the English mind—argues in the critic a spirit of parochial as opposed to cosmopolitan culture. Nietzsche, as a psychologist and critic of life, saw deep into the origins of human morality: as a destructive critic, he is the most formidable antagonist that latter-day Christianity has encountered; as a biting satirist of the average man who shelters his own feebleness and inanity with the impressive catchwords of "Progress," "Civilization," he is simply invaluable in an age of ready-made democratic culture. It is no valid argument against Nietzsche's power to

the causes and the results of tyranny and enslavement. He labored under no political hallucination. When he declared that "all men were born equal," it was not his purpose to indulge in "glittering generalities." Jefferson believed in man's ability to govern himself. He did no more believe that any man or set of men is fit to govern another than did Abraham Lincoln.

Thomas Jefferson is pre-eminently the "Father of democracy," the founder and builder of popular government. He trusted in the people when others faltered; he urged on his followers when they would fain have retreated. During his life, he was slandered, reviled and hated by his political enemies; he was considered an idealist and a theorist. What has become of his traducers? Most of them are forgotten, and deservedly so, and some of them are known to history only because of their enmity to Jefferson and his policies.

And thus it is that time has given us the true dimensions of Jefferson's greatness and a true conception of his sterling qualities. Thus it is that, to-day, both Democrats and Republicans can unite in eulogizing his name and his deeds, and find in his words those principles which alone can insure the perpetuation of representative government. There is that in Thomas Jefferson and his words and works, and in the determinative influence which he has had upon the political history of the United States, which puts to shame all those who profess the degrading belief that the masses of mankind are fit to serve a few masters, but not fit to govern themselves.



"AFTER THE BALL IS OVER"

BY FRANCES PORCHER

WITH the present agitation about, and outlook for, houses and flats, one wonders what it will be in another year, and still more, what the aftermath of the Fair will be as to the neighborhoods and abiding places. That a great shaking-up is going on is apparent and already neighborhoods are changing their local character. Rents are booming and no property owner nor agent need fear that any roof will be vacant on his hands for any length of time. Rents may be raised to almost any exorbitant figure and tenants of years' standing may move out, but somebody else will pay the figure asked—for a time at least—and all goes merrily along.

As to flats and apartment houses more is demanded for the former which would rank in conveniences with the tenements of other cities, and for the latter with only half the fittings that in Chicago or Paris would be considered necessities, than those cities demand for better accommodations, and, in the meantime, the steady, responsible, middle-class citizen of St. Louis, to whom the town is home and its future his, is being crowded out in favor of a fluctuating population whose interests will keep it here until after the World's Fair and no longer.

Already Kirkwood, Webster Groves, Old Orchard and Maplewood have taken many of our best class of renters, and already the boarding houses are filling up with more. Everybody with a home, with few exceptions, wants to sell it—why? Because, with real estate booming, it is a good time to gather in profits? Not altogether, but largely because with the great raise in rents and the forcing out of the best class of steady tenants the man who owns a home is afraid of the possible change in neighborhood. What avails it to keep his home, no matter how well it suits him or what associations are connected therewith, if the rest of the block becomes filled with boarding houses and undesirable people who so lower the tone of the locality that it will never again be what it was? For one thing is certain, a neighborhood may be made,

originally, almost any status the majority of the property holders desire, but once its standard is lowered "all the king's horse and all the king's men" cannot pull it in good repute again. One negro family, one house of suspicious character, one boarding house not over-particular as to its inmates, and the undermining work is done. Each of these is a nucleus for others of like sort to gather about; there is a whisper afloat on the block; gradually and quietly the best people move out, the other kind move in and, lo! in a year or so one of those changes, so common to great cities, has taken place, and that which was once one of the clean spots of the community becomes one of the "cheap" localities or worse. That a reasonable raise in rents is but just, after the long depression in real estate, every householder is willing to concede, but when houses, never worth more than twenty-five dollars in their palmiest days, are advanced to thirty-seven and a half, and sixty-dollar houses are raised to one hundred per month, the advance is out of all reason and the outcome will prove the short-sighted policy of the owner or agent.

To grasp, for a year or so, a great profit and after that to find a depreciated property upon one's hands seems an unworthy business policy, leaving out the decent pride which should actuate every property owner in keeping up the class grade of his neighborhood.

In one of the best locations in the Cabanne district, where homes abound and where the smallest lots are restricted to sixty feet, a handsome home, owing to family changes, was rented out for several years to a family of means and standing who kept the place in beautiful order, paying therefor a rental fully commensurate with the value of the property. A few months ago the rent was raised to an exorbitant figure, and the tenants, in consequence, gave up the house and migrated to a hotel. For a few weeks the place was in the market, but was rented about two or three weeks since to parties who keep a boarding house, patronized by World's Fair laborers. Where carriages erstwhile rolled up to Mr. Blank's velvety lawn, the delivery wagons of the large bakeries and meat concerns now deposit their wares in wholesale quantities and the loud voices of men, while quaffing their noon-time beer, breaks the former patrician quietude. While a boarding house of such stamp may be respectable, the most democratic of us cannot concede that it is any acquisition to a locality, and it does not often happen that persons engaging in such a business for a temporary object will preserve or beautify the property occupied. On the whole, in this instance and many similar ones, the property owner, in the long run, would be in pocket to hold desirable tenants at a reasonable rent, even through the temptation to grasp a large slice of the rent boom, than to drive out the substantial citizen of the town in favor of the nomadic stranger with a World's Fair ax to grind.

After all, the Fair is but for a time, it is, with all its glory, but an incident in our civic history. The curtain will rise upon its ivory palaces, its columns, its lagoon, its enchantments and beauties; the nations will gather and its educational scope will reach into far countries and across mighty waters and beyond the present years, but to those who must make St. Louis, to those whose children must grow into her future citizens, to those, in short, who call St. Louis by the dearest name that holds mortal feet to one spot—home, the "boom" of the Fair and the glory thereof is not as much as the question of her steady growth and substantial value as a city of homes.

When it comes to a question of letting houses at exorbitant rentals to any stranger who can pay the price, or retaining valuable tenants and keeping good neighborhoods intact, there should be a limit to present greed and a full consideration of what relation such a greed of a moment's gain bears to the future property conditions of the city.

say that his doctrines show the marks of incipient insanity, any more than it is to deny Swift's force because his savage genius showed premonitory symptoms of the brain disease by which it was ultimately overthrown. In both Swift's and Nietzsche's case, the very quality of their genius was probably allied to a highly morbid condition of brain. But even if we grant that Nietzsche's unbridled individualism and deification of the "Over Man" in *Zarathustra* often plainly injure the effect of his work, whereas, Swift's misanthropy and savage indignation rarely pass the line of artistic danger, it is nevertheless true that Nietzsche's acute psychological analysis of the fashion in which human morality has been built up out of man's animal passions and instincts springs largely from a pathological analysis of his own sufferings. That is to say, his brain working at high pressure with attendant morbid developments became like some powerful torch which, blazing rapidly away, casts into strong relief those angles and contours of a subject (and Nietzsche's subject was the human mind itself) which are merged in the whole and tend to escape observation under all ordinary conditions. Nietzsche's very extravagance is, therefore, to use another simile, like the needle of an etcher, which gets effects of chiaroscuro into a subject which the learned specialist presents to us in a series of diagrams. Nietzsche's method may be illustrated by a few of his sayings in "The Dawn of Day":

"Classicism indeed! Did we learn any portion of that in which the ancients used to educate their youth? Did we learn to speak or to write as they? Did we unceasingly practise dialectics in rhetorical contests? Did we learn to move as beautifully and proudly as they, to wrestle, to throw, to box as they? Did we learn some of the practical asceticism of all Greek philosophers? Were we trained in a single antique virtue, in the way in which the ancients practised it? Was not all reflection on morals utterly neglected in our education? . . . As years roll by, one thing seems to become more and more evident to me: that all Greek and antique nature, however simple and manifest it appears to our eyes, is very difficult to understand, nay, hardly accessible. . . . How we jabber about the Greeks! What do we understand of their art, the soul of which is the passion for naked male beauty? Thus they had a perspective thoroughly different from ours. The case was similar with regard to their love for womankind. Their worship was of a different kind, and so was their contempt.

History. "When we try to examine the mirror in itself, we eventually detect nothing but the things reflected by it."

The Ideal Selfishness. "Is there a state more blessed than that of pregnancy? To do everything we do in the silent belief that it must needs benefit that which is generating in us? That it must needs raise its mysterious worth, the thought of which fills us with ecstasy? Then, we refrain from much without having to put ourselves under great restraint; we suppress an angry word, we grasp the hand forgivingly; the child shall spring from all that is mild and good. We shrink from our own harshness and abruptness: as though it might instil a drop of evil into the life-chalice of the beloved unknown. Everything is veiled, mysterious; we know nothing about the process; we wait and try to be ready. Moreover, there prevails in us a pure and purifying feeling of deep irresponsibility, similar to that sensation which a spectator experiences before a drawn curtain: it is growing, it is coming to light; it is not for us to determine either its worth or its hour. We are solely thrown back upon every indirect, blessed and restraining influence. 'A greater than we are is coming to life,' such is our secret hope: for him we prepare everything, that he may successfully come to light;

not only all that is useful, but also the crowning love of our souls. In this blessed anticipation we shall live, and are able to live! Whether that which we expect be a thought, a deed, we have to every essential achievement no other relation but that of pregnancy, and ought to cast the arrogant talk about 'will' and 'shall' into the winds; This is the true ideal selfishness; ever to provide and watch and restrain the soul, that our productiveness may come to a beautiful issue."

This last beautiful passage may come as a surprise to those readers who have been told they will find in Nietzsche's writings only the "gospel of brute force and egomania." Nietzsche, in fact, was a thinker of a singularly pure, noble, and lofty mind, and the misanthropy, egotism, and insane pride of his *Zarathustra* were in fact but the walls of resistance his indomitable spirit raised to shield itself under the ravages of cruel pain. Those who will not bend must break. Anybody could, however, compile from Nietzsche's writings a body of sayings which would show the delicacy, tenderness, and nobility of his nature, just as Swift's "Journal to Stella" shows what human qualities inspired his savage indignation. Here, then, is the paradox in Nietzsche's work. More, perhaps, than any modern writer he needs to be read with a delicate discrimination of the inner meaning as opposed to the outer and obvious meaning. He is, therefore, not a writer for people who want gospels, text-books, or for "specialists" who are so occupied in tilling their well-ordered fields that they are impatient of raising their eyes to the wide horizon beyond. For Nietzsche, though a thinker of great significance, is above all things a poet.

JUDGE AMOS THAYER

The Judge Who Smashed the Merger

JUDGE AMOS THAYER, of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, has, by his opinion in the great merger case, become a character of National importance and interest. His reputation, already well established among lawyers and jurists, bids fair to become that of one of the great judges of the country. He is sixty-two years of age, but would readily pass as being ten years younger. With the single exception of his associate, Judge Henry C. Caldwell, he has been longer in judicial service than any man now upon the State or Federal bench in the Eighth Circuit. He is a New Yorker by birth and received his education in his native State. He served during the Civil War in the signal corps of the United States and was brevetted major for gallant and meritorious conduct. He came to St. Louis in 1866 and two years after was admitted to the bar. In 1876, he was elected to the Circuit Bench of this city, taking office in January, 1877. He was re-elected in 1882, but did not serve out his second term, having been appointed United States District Judge by President Cleveland in February, 1887. He held this office until, in 1894, during Mr. Cleveland's second term, he was appointed United States Circuit Judge, the position he now holds. He has thus been upon the bench continuously for twenty-six years, and his appearance indicates that he is good for as many more. Although a man of positive character, his judicial temperament and urbane manners disarm opposition and forestall criticism, and even the disappointed litigants in his court feel that they have had a fair hearing, intelligent consideration and an honest decision. On the bench he always listens attentively and rarely interrupts counsel. His face is impassive and never, by any play of features, indicates the attitude of his mind. His talents are not of the brilliant order. The conversation express the man. Its tone is genial and kindly, but without any attempt at display. It makes the earnest man, who takes life and its duties very seriously, and who brings the utmost of his abilities

to the solution of every problem presented to him. His most marked characteristic is that which is, apparently, within the reach of all, and yet is really possessed by but few—and that is industry. He works unceasingly and conscientiously at every appointed task. He is one of the professors of the Washington University Law School, and no one among all the instructors there is more careful, painstaking and conscientious in his work. It is observed by the students that in his marking of the examination papers Judge Thayer goes into more details, discriminates more closely and discovers more grades of excellence than anyone else. He does everything well, because he does it the best he can. He owes but little to the chapter of accidents. His steady progression in the favor of public opinion is simply the hard-earned meed of industry and integrity. With many years of usefulness still before him, his opportunities ripening with the ripening of his abilities, whether advancement in judicial station shall come to him or not, his fame is sure of increase, and he will take an honored place among the great judges of America.

A CLEAN BILL

BY GILBERT DAYLE.

IN the drawing room of a house in Mayfair, Violet Raymond, a pretty, thoughtful looking girl of some twenty-two years, was sitting anxiously awaiting the arrival of an expected visitor. Presently there was a tap at the door, and a servant entered.

"Captain Walter Grenville, miss."

The girl rose as a tall, bronzed man of about thirty-five came into the room.

"I hope you will forgive me for asking you to call, Captain Grenville," she said, with a grave smile. "I heard you were back in London, and I felt that under the circumstances you would not think it a liberty. My aunt, Lady Shenley, has retired with a bad headache, else she would also be here to receive you."

"I am only too glad to be of any service," he responded as he sat down. "In fact, if you had not written, I should have ventured to call."

She sat down opposite him. The only previous occasion on which they had met had been at Liverpool three years ago, when he had set sail to take up his command in West Africa. With him had been her brother, young Dick Raymond, then starting his military career as a subaltern, and she and her aunt had journeyed down to see the last of him.

He remembered every detail of the short time he had spent in her company; now as he met her again, after the terrible thing that had happened, his heart went out to her in pity.

"You know what I want to know," she said, quickly. "I only saw your official dispatch published in the papers."

"God knows it was hard enough to write," he broke out.

"It was kind of you to say what you did—'A gallant and promising officer,'" she exclaimed. "But tell me all, please," she finished, pleadingly.

"We were in Sierra Leone when the rising in the Badakuta district broke out," he began, speaking in a low, disjointed voice. "I was immediately dispatched with an expedition to quell it; your brother came along with me, the only other white officer who could be spared. We got up near to Acandro and encamped overnight on the south bank of the river. In the morning we prepared to cross; the natives, we understood, were ambushed about two miles away on the other side." He paused. "Suddenly, as we began to cross, we were attacked by them in the rear. They were in full force; we were surprised, and the fighting was desperate. Numbers of our men fell, and it looked as if we were in a tight corner, when Sherston and his relief party came up on the opposite bank,

just in time. We dropped flat on our faces and they fired over our heads—the situation was saved.”

“And Dick?” she inquired, tremulously.

Grenville shifted his foot uneasily.

“The last time I saw him was some minutes before Sherston came up,” he said, speaking with difficulty. “He threw up his arms suddenly and staggered backward on the bank.”

“Into the river?” she whispered. He nodded.

There was a moment's silence, then the girl rose to her feet. The tears were glistening in her eyes, but she was smiling.

“If it had to be, thank God he died as he did—fighting at his post!” she cried. “It's something for me to be proud of.”

He looked at her steadily.

“Yes, it's good to think that,” he said, slowly.

She stood before him with shining eyes, for the moment full of enthusiasm. Then it died away and she sank down and covered her face with her hands.

A little later he left with a promise to come to luncheon one day with Lady Shenley. He went straight to the rooms which his man had engaged for him in Duke street, Piccadilly. Sinking into an armchair, he buried himself in thought.

“Yes, I did right,” he said at last, with a sigh. About a week afterward he received an invitation to luncheon at the house in Mayfair, and he went with a curious feeling of eager anticipation. Violet Raymond treated him in the light of an old friend, and he found the couple of hours spent in her society more enjoyable than anything he had yet experienced. Presently, when he rose to depart, Lady Shenley, who was about to take her afternoon drive, offered to put him down in Piccadilly, and he accepted gratefully.

He sat opposite Violet and Lady Shenley in the open victoria, replying politely to the latter's gay and irresponsible chatter. He formed the impression that, while Lady Shenley was kind in her way, to Violet, the two had not much in common, and in this he was correct. The girl was built of far more reliable stuff than her light-hearted, pleasure-loving aunt.

The carriage turned into Bond street and rolled down toward Piccadilly at a good pace. As it swept round the corner there was a sharp cry of warning from the pavement. Walter Grenville sprang up and saw a child running across the road a few yards ahead. She lost her footing on the greasy wood pavement and fell sprawling in the roadway right in front of the horses. The coachman pulled frantically at his reins, but they were going at full speed. There was another yell from the bystanders, then a sudden silence. The carriage swayed to and fro; another second and the horses would have trampled on the child had not a figure, darting madly from the curb, pulled her from under the horses' hoofs and thrown her out of harm's way. The next moment his foot slipped on the slimy surface, and, falling, the pole of the carriage struck him and he was trampled on.

The carriage came to a standstill with a jerk and Grenville leaped out. Already a little crowd had gathered round the prostrate figure; he was carried to the pavement. Grenville pushed his way through and leaned over the man. He was apparently a tramp; his clothes were in rags, his face was thin and gaunt, with some weeks' growth of straggling black beard on his chin. From a wound in his forehead the blood was streaming, and he was moaning. As Grenville dropped on one knee beside him he slowly opened his eyes. The officer gave a sudden start, then peered eagerly into the man's face. He rose to his feet quickly.

“My rooms are just opposite No. 33b Duke street,”

he said, thickly, to the policeman who had just appeared. “Take him there, and I will get a doctor at once.”

He hurried back to the carriage where Violet was waiting, pale and trembling.

“It's rather a bad accident,” he said, swiftly. “I'm having him taken to my rooms. You go back now; I will let you know later how things are.”

“A terrible misfortune!” exclaimed Lady Shenley piteously. “Every one is looking at us. Tell John, home at once, Violet.”

“Can't I help?” said the latter, anxiously, to Grenville. He shook his head.

“I will let you know,” he repeated, then gave directions to the coachman; the carriage turned and moved swiftly away.

He approached the knot of people again. Already a shutter had been obtained and the wounded man laid upon it. They raised him carefully and carried him across the road, the crowd of bystanders following curiously. Grenville led the way to the house and opened the door with a latchkey.

“Scrivener,” he called out to his servant, who appeared in the hall, “there has been an accident; fetch the nearest doctor—quick!”

Scrivener ran off without his hat. The man, now unconscious, was brought in, carried slowly upstairs and deposited on a bed. A few seconds afterward a doctor arrived, and Grenville was busily employed in giving him assistance. Then, retiring to a corner of the room, he waited until the doctor had finished his examination. At last he rose from his task. He turned and walked over to Grenville.

“Nothing can save him,” he said in a low voice. “He has received internal injuries which make it impossible for him to live more than a day at the most. He will regain consciousness again, but if we were to attempt to move him to a hospital he would die on the way.”

“No, no; he must stop here,” said Grenville between his teeth.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

“You will not be troubled long,” he said, picking up his hat and gloves. “You can do absolutely nothing beyond following the directions I have given you; they will but make the few hours he has to live more comfortable. Goodby; I will look in again in the evening.”

Grenville accompanied the doctor to the door, then went back to the room. At the entrance he was met by Scrivener, who had been in and was just coming out. There was a scared look on his face.

“Good God, sir, it's ———!” he whispered.

Grenville nodded.

“I know,” he said, with clenched teeth. “Mind, not a word of this to anyone.”

He went into the room again and sat by the bedside gazing at the white, pinched face. Suddenly the eyes of the man opened and centered themselves on his face.

“Grenville!” he murmured, feverishly. “Of course—who should it be? It's ‘Forward!’ in a few minutes now! Oh, my head!” he finished with a moan. Scrivener brought in the medicine that the doctor had sent. They gave him a dose, and presently he dropped off into a heavy sleep, Grenville watching by his bedside. Later the doctor came in again.

“He may last through the night, but not much longer,” he said, after another examination. “I have ordered a nurse to come around.”

The next morning found the patient still alive, but the doctor gave him but a few hours. About 11 o'clock he had a spell of consciousness, and Grenville sat beside him talking to him. Then he grew half delirious again.

The door opened and Scrivener appeared; he beckoned Grenville aside.

“Lady Shenley and Miss Raymond have called, sir,” he whispered. “Lady Shenley is in her carriage, but the young lady insisted on seeing you, so I have shown her into your sitting room.”

“Stop here,” said Grenville, with a white face, then strode to the door and opened it. He stepped out and shut it quickly, for the man in his delirium was talking loudly.

He crossed to the other side of the landing and opened the door of his sitting room. As he did so the man's voice suddenly raised itself to a shout.

“Grenville!” he cried.

He stepped hastily into the room and shut the door. The girl had risen from her seat and stood before him, her face white and terror stricken.

“That voice!” she cried. “It was Dick's!”

She was gazing into his eyes fearfully. Grenville clenched his hands; the veins stood out on his forehead.

“It was Dick's!” she repeated. “Oh, for the love of heaven tell me!”

“Yes—Dick's,” he said, hoarsely. “If you are strong enough, come with me. But it's almost death,” he added, looking at her in anguish. She nerved herself with an effort.

“I am strong enough,” she said, between her shut lips. Without a word he led her across the landing and opened the door. Scrivener started when he saw her, then slipped out of the room noiselessly. The girl approached and gazed at the bandaged head. Then she dropped on her knees beside the bed and took his hand between hers. She pressed it to her lips.

“Dick! Dick!” she said with a sob.

The wild, delirious look seemed to pass from his eyes. With a painful effort he raised his head.

“My Vi!” he groaned, the tears starting to his eyes. “Oh, my God! that I should have brought this upon you!” He paused to recover his strength.

“Yes, it's a lie that Grenville told in his dispatch. I didn't die like a man at my post; I bolted like a coward!” He paused again. “I was in charge of the right wing when the surprise rush came. Instead of holding their ground, my men—West Indians, curse 'em—broke and ran for their lives. To this day I don't know the reason. I simply seemed to go gray with fear. I lost my nerve, lost my manhood. God knows how I did it—I fled with them! Grenville saw me do it!” he finished, panting for breath.

“Don't, Dick, dear; that's enough!” implored the girl.

“You must hear me through,” he went on weakly. “Half a mile further I drew up. For the first time I realized what I had done. If I had had my revolver I should have shot myself, but I had dropped that. I could have died with shame. I knew I could not go back—never look a brave man in the face again!” He paused and drew in a tortuous breath. “Somehow or other I managed to get down the coast to Waru—I had a little money with me. I got a passage in a trading brig to Liverpool, and landed there with a few shillings in my pocket—dead to the world, for I found out what Grenville had done for me—bless him! Since then it has been a living hell—tramping, now and then a job, starving! But I deserved it all! A man without honor has no right to live, and now, now”—His head fell back on the pillow and a deathly gray pallor came to his face. He closed his eyes. They stood watching him, not daring to move. He opened his eyes once again and wetted his lips.

“But the child—I've given my life; it wasn't much, but it's better than nothing!” he gasped.

"Yes, yes, Dick; your bill's clean!" broke in Grenville. "Your sister knows it; I know it."

With a tremendous effort young Raymond raised himself on his elbow.

"Ah, it's good to have a clean"—The last word choked in his throat as he fell back. With a cry the girl bent forward and peered in his face, then she rose, and her tear-laden eyes met Grenville's gaze.

"You need not be ashamed of him," he said, gently.



One evening, some few months later, the two were together again. He had been telling her something which had brought a delicate flush to her cheek. Then she asked him a question.

"Why did I do it?" He paused. "Do you remember that night at Liverpool when I first met you? I saw what your brother was to you—that he was everything in your life. I fell in love with you that night! Then, when, months later, that terrible thing happened, I realized in a flash what it would mean to you if I let the truth get known, so I thought for hours, then wrote the dispatch as you read it." There was a long pause. Then she raised her eyes to his.

"You did it because you loved me?" she whispered. He bent down, and, taking her in his arms, kissed her on the lips.

"Because I loved you; because, somehow, I felt it was not his real self that had prompted him to act as he did—a mad impulse, but not his nature. And you and I know that this was right, that he wiped the stain out," he said.

"Yes, we know," she answered, with a soft sigh of content.



MORGAN'S APOLOGETICS

BY L. ARTHUR STANTON.

SO much has been said in the last few weeks regarding the inherent and steadily growing weakness of the speculative position in Wall street, that Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan at last thought it advisable to sound the clarion-blast of optimism and robust hope, and to reassure his wavering and disheartened cohorts with the statement that there is absolutely nothing wrong and that prosperity will continue for a long time to come. But he found himself compelled, at the same time, to admit that "it may be true . . . that at the present moment there are in the market many undigested securities." For this admission the vigilant enemies of the optimistic financier—the redoubtable and victory-scenting bears—will be thankful, for this admission may be said to be an admission that Mr. Morgan himself is not quite sure of his position and of his faith in the future.

Things are certainly not what they should be, or what they are imagined to be by fifth-rate observers, when the greatest financier and very head and front of the Wall street bull forces is, in the interest of self-preservation, constrained to explain, to admit and to predict. If the situation were really as sound as Mr. Morgan is anxious to have us believe it is, there would have been no need for him to interview himself and to point out that the great mass of securities that has been thrown on the market since last fall deserves the confidence and support of investors. By making explanations, he has simply intensified the feeling of anxiety that is manifesting itself in every direction, and that has lately been reflected, in quite a significant manner, in a sharp break in the quotations for listed securities.

"To my mind," says Mr. Morgan, "and in my judgment, these new securities are essentially sound, and those who have them are in no wise alarmed because of their holdings." In these words, the Wall street

magnate wishes to convey the impression that the many millions of new stocks and bonds recently floated, or now in process of floatation, constitute a good investment. Yet why is it that the public displays no disposition to absorb them? Why is it that, since the latter part of February, or ever since it became evident that several large corporations were engaged in the manufacture of an unlimited amount of new securities, stock exchange prices have been sinking without hardly an interruption?

Even admitting, for argument's sake, that the new securities are, as Mr. Morgan intimates, "essentially sound," it still remains to be proven that they are worth the prices at which they are selling. Inherent merits alone do not determine the value of investment issues. There are other factors to be taken into consideration, and, among these, the most important is the condition of the money market. About four years ago, British consols, to take only one, but salient instance, were selling at 114. To-day, they are weak at 90¾. Mr. Morgan undoubtedly knows that these securities are absolutely gilt-edged. And yet they have dropped almost twenty-five points within a few years. And why? Because the value of money has been rising, and thus giving investors opportunity to employ their funds to better advantage. There is no profit in holding a stock or a bond that pays only, say, 2 or 2½ per cent, when borrowers in the open market are willing to pay 5 and 6 per cent on time-loans.

About two years ago, the unqualified assertion was made in the columns of the MIRROR that people were making a serious mistake by acting upon the theory that the value of money was steadily sinking. At that time, much was made of the reduction of interest payments on savings deposits, and the steadily soaring quotations for Government and municipal and railroad securities. Superficial theorizers dinned it into our ears that the time of cheap money had passed by to return no more, and that the yield on investment issues would never again be what it was ten or twenty years ago.

A marked change has intervened since then, in sentiment as well as in conditions. The man that used to be absolutely "convinced" that a three per cent money market was a sure thing for many years to come has lapsed into silence and deeper thought. He has seen his favorite theory refuted in a striking manner. Yet it is quite likely that, two years hence, he will be equally positive that the value of money has been definitely fixed at 6 per cent.

At the present time, everybody of intelligence (and this classification necessarily includes Mr. Morgan), can notice that money is rising and that this very tendency is the principal cause of the depreciation in the prices of securities of all kinds. Some time ago, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul common, for instance, was selling at about 195. Many thought, at the time, that the stock, paying 7 per cent, was fully worth the price. Many misguided investors, heedless of the tendency of the money market, thought themselves warranted in buying the shares at that high level. But for the upward movement in the value of money, they would have had no cause to rue their action, for St. Paul common is a meritorious investment. Their hasty indiscretion and disregard of everything except mere intrinsic merit, has cost them dearly, however. For, to-day, the shares are worth only about 162.

Speculative affairs are, at present, little susceptible to considerations of inherent value. It is actual conditions and prospects in the money market that affect and sway them. Would-be buyers of stocks and bonds are not inclined to pay much attention to statements of earnings and predictions of increases in dividends and of a continuation of prosperity, when money is in good demand at 6 per cent and more, and when New York

financiers are making desperate efforts to cover their requirements by borrowing millions of dollars in Berlin and Paris.

American securities are sinking in value, all talk to the contrary notwithstanding. They have to adjust themselves to monetary changes. Bear attacks cannot alone be held responsible for the depreciation in prices. What Wall street witnessed in the last two months was liquidation, genuine liquidation, provoked by rising rates and by a glut, not of "undigested," as Mr. Morgan styles it, but of "indigestible" securities.

There are too many issues of bonds and stocks to go round for the good of the money market and speculators. It seems that the financial jugglers of some of our railroad and industrial concerns, in running their security factories, imitated the example set them, years ago, by the debonair "Jim" Fiske, who used to increase the supply of Erie stock afloat every time old Vanderbilt tried to "run a corner" and to squeeze his shrewd and suave antagonists.



HER PAST'S ONE FOLLY

An Incident.

"THERE goes the most virtuous woman in her set—the exclusive set," said Hensill, "she is absolutely above reproach. No fault of omission or commission, no minor folly, no breath even of gossip has ever been whispered about that woman."

"Do you really believe the woman lives who has never yielded, in all her life, to an impulse of folly?"

"I don't doubt it, with Mrs. Earl Thomson its living proof."

"I followed his look, and saw a medium-sized, slender woman with pale brown hair, a clear, colorless skin and wide-open brown eyes. She was faultlessly gowned and carried herself as such a paragon should, fearlessly and with military erectness.

But what was it in Mrs. Thomson's face that seemed familiar to me? Had I ever seen her before? I caught my eyes wandering in her direction several times, trying to place in my memory those brown eyes, that white skin, that graceful carriage.

"Probably I met her at some reception," I thought, "when I was in San Francisco before."

I had been in California on two former occasions with my string of race-horses, and had been treated to the usual round of social functions of the élite and the non-elect. Mrs. Thomson, I assured myself, must have been among those I had met in sweldom.

Hensill requested me to come with him, and I left the stand without having placed the occasion when Mrs. Earl Thomson and I had met.



*"When Love is kind,
Generous and free,
Love's sure to find
Welcome from me.*

*"But when Love brings
Heartache and pang,
Tears and such things,—
Love may go hang."*

Over our wine, Hensill had grown confidential. He related several of his episodes *d'amour*. The other men, likewise, capped story by story, experience by experience, and then it came my turn. Paxton, who was of a sentimental cast, quoted Tom Moore, and the verses above reminded me of a little experience I had on my first visit to San Francisco.

"Hensill here," I began, "and I were dining at a 'show' restaurant in the Latin Quarter. Hensill want-

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and St. Charles Street.

ed to show his Texas friends all the sights, and that was one of them. We were about half way through dinner when two women entered. One was a brunette dressed in deep mourning, evidently a widow. The other was a younger woman, exceedingly sedate in appearance and in this respect unlike her companion whose black eyes flashed with merriment over the conversation with which they punctuated the courses of their dinner.

"I'm going to start a flirtation with that woman," said Hensill, who was a dare-devil chap and never feared a rebuff in Cupid's court.

"Oh, not with *her*," I, more timid, answered, "why, those are *ladies*."

"Oh, I know that," was his reply. "I wouldn't care for any other kind. That's the sort that makes the game worth while."

"As he spoke, he raised his glass to his lips and looked across the room at the brunette. She, also, had her glass raised at the same time, and it happened that as she drank she looked across at us. Hensill bowed, much to my horror. The brunette, apparently paid no heed to his action, but I saw a ghost of a smile flicker about her lips. That was all, then, and I hoped Hensill would desist. The other woman had observed nothing. All at once the latter looked up. She saw Hensill looking toward her—and she bowed. I was thunderstruck, but Hensill immediately jumped to the situation. He literally flew across to her table, and they exchanged greetings. Then came an unexpected dénouement.

"Oh, I beg pardon," said she, "I thought you were Mr. Eveson. I'm short-sighted—horribly. What an absurd error!"

"Oh, I'm often mistaken for Eveson—I knew him years ago when we were boys."

"Hensill told me afterward all that passed, for I had lingered with my dinner at our own table. And he did not know Eveson from Adam. But he stayed and chatted awhile, to the brunette chiefly, for the other woman shrank back into her dignity after she found out her mistake.

"I'm sorry I'm *not* Mr. Eveson," said Hensill, as he rose to join me, "possibly, however, we may see you later on, and become better acquainted."

"He looked toward the brunette. From my distant seat I could see the ravishing smile she gave him.

"Perhaps," Hensill said was her answer. You remember, don't you, Hensill?"

"Remember? Well, yes, I do, my boy, though until you recalled that restaurant affair I had forgotten all about it. I remember well, now, how you hung back when I suggested waiting outside for them. And I remember how reluctantly you let yourself be drawn into what followed."

"When they came out," I took up the thread of the story, "Hensill was there to meet them. It took little to persuade the brunette to enjoy a little lark in our company. Possibly this was not her first adventure of the kind.

"It'll be loads of fun," she said to her companion, "and nobody'll ever know."

"But—"

"Oh, nonsense. You came out with me to seek an adventure. Here you have it."

"Hensill, by the way, had introduced himself quite properly, giving them his card and showing them his business letters to back up his statements. I stayed in the background.

"Well, you must let me go home early," said the younger woman, "for you know, Bertha, I never go anywhere like this. You only persuaded me to try that bohemian dinner by assuring me it was quite correct."

"Lily is an awful stickler for propriety," laughed Bertha, "but we'll just follow our fate this once."

"Hensill called a carriage and we drove to the Cliff House. It was a lovely night, and its beauty seemed to affect us all. It raised the spirits of even timid me, and Lily was the liveliest of us all. She sang, in a charming voice, and one of her songs was that one, Paxton, you just quoted—old Moore's 'Love may go hang.'"

"Well,—the end?" asked Paxton, "we must hear your conclusion and then go to the Pavilion for the band concert."

"The end was like Cinderella's first ball. They excused themselves from us somewhere around midnight on some pretext—and before we knew it they were gone. Hensill and I had to call up a cab for ourselves. The ladies took the carriage."

"And we never saw them again. Memory, overheated by much champagne, was dull the next day. Their faces, even, became hazy. I am sure," said Hensill, "I'd never have known the brunette had I seen her in the street again—fascinating as she was."

As the band regaled us with Tom Moore's Irish melodies, Hensill, who was scanning the audience, exclaimed:

"There she is again—the paragon of virtue, Mrs. Earl Thomson. You remember, the woman I showed you in the grand stand this afternoon?"

I looked again at the woman who had never been guilty of a single folly.

"Come over, I'll introduce you," said Paxton, "she's my cousin by marriage, you know."

As he performed the introduction, I thought a gleam of amusement danced for an instant in Mrs. Thomson's eyes. It was as quickly gone, and replaced by the cold, proud expression the most virtuous woman in her set habitually wore. But that instant had revealed to me where we had met before.

She chatted idly with us.

"Do you ever act on impulse, Cousin Lil?" asked Paxton, "you are certainly the most self-contained woman I ever met. Even this music doesn't enthuse you."

"There are occasions," she replied, smiling as if something amusing had occurred to her, "when I might act on impulse. But I doubt if I would repeat the error—deliberately."

She glanced carelessly at me, and then turned to the gentleman at her side.

"My husband," she said, "let me make you acquainted with Mr. —?"

From Town Talk

SONG

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

YOUR kiss, beloved, was to me
As if all flowers of Araby,
And every fresh and fragrant rose
That ever blew, shall blow, or blows,
Had all her sweetness taken up
And poured into one perfect cup
For me to drain.
Kiss me again!

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NEW BOOKS

Another notable addition to Darwinian lore has been made by the publication of two volumes containing "More Letters of Charles Darwin," edited by Francis Darwin and A. C. Shepard. This work may be considered supplementary to "The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin," published in 1887. In the preface we are told that since the publication of the earlier work, additional letters have been received, through the kindness of various correspondents; "among them may be mentioned those written by Mr. Darwin to Mr. Belt, Lady Derby, Hugh Falconer, Mr. Francis Galton, Huxley, Lyell, Mr. John Morley, Max Muller, Owen, Lord Playfair, John Scott, Thwaites, Sir William Turner, and John Jenner Weir." Particular attention is drawn to the correspondence with Sir Joseph Hooker. "To him, Mr. Darwin wrote with complete freedom, and this has given something of a personal charm to the most technical of his letters." The letters are preceded by an outline of Darwin's life, based on his diary, dated August, 1838, and an autobiographical fragment, written in 1838. All the letters have been classified according to subject—"into such as deal with Evolution, Geographical Distribution, Botany, Man, etc. In some of the chapters, these classifications have been subdivided, the editors deeming this necessary in order to facilitate the task of the reader. Thus, chapter VIII., entitled "Man," has three sections, "Decent of Man," "Sexual Selection," and "Expression." From the great number of interesting letters we select the following, dated March 26th, 1862, and addressed to Sir J. D. Hooker, the subject of the letter being "Natural Selection." "I will put a concrete case to show what I think A. Gray believes about crossing and what I believe. If 1,000 pigeons were bred together in a cage for 10,000 years, their number not being allowed to increase by chance killing, then from mutual intercrossing no varieties would arise; but, if each pigeon were a self-fertilizing hermaphrodite, a multitude of varieties would arise. This, I believe, is the common effect of crossing, viz., the obliteration of incipient varieties. I do not deny that when two marked varieties have been produced, their crossing will produce a third or more intermediate varieties. Possibly, or probably, with domestic varieties, with a strong tendency to vary, the act of crossing tends to give rise to new characters, and thus a third or more races, not strictly intermediate, may be produced. But there is heavy evidence against new characters arising from crossing wild forms;—only intermediate races are then produced. Now, do you agree thus far? If not, it is no use arguing; me must come to swearing, and I am convinced I can swear harder than you. . . . I am right. Q. E. D. If the number of 1,000 pigeons were prevented increasing, not by chance killing, but by, say, all the shorter-beaked birds being killed, then the whole body would come to have longer beaks,—do you agree? Thirdly, if 1,000 pigeons were kept in a hot country, and another 1,000 in a cold country, and fed on different food, and confined in different-size aviary, and kept constant in number by chance-killing, then I should expect as rather probable that after 10,000 years the two bodies would differ slightly in size, color, and perhaps other trifling characters; this I should call the direct action of physical condition. By this action I wish to imply that the innate vital forces are somehow led to act rather differently in the two cases, just as heat will allow or cause two elements to combine, which otherwise would not have combined."

The two volumes under review are well-edited, and their value is enhanced by numerous annotations, copious references, and excellent photographic productions of Charles Darwin, his wife, and some of the famous scientists which figure in the correspondence. Binding and typography merit special commendation. Price \$5.00

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which are of, occasionally, absorbing in-
terest. Any one who can appreciate ele-
gant diction and concentrated thought
will find this little book of 200 pages to
his or her liking. The price of it is \$1.25.
The volume is attractively bound and
printed. Published by Charles Scribner's
Sons, New York.

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION MEETING.

NEW ORLEANS, MAY 5-8.

Account of the above the Mobile & Ohio
R. R. will sell tickets at rate of one fare
for the round trip. St. Louis Office, 518
Olive street.

THE WAY SHE WORKED IT

"Of course you can't take a hint," she
said, looking at him thoughtfully. He
couldn't, and she knew it, and that's why
she said it. It wouldn't have been neces-
sary otherwise.

"Of course," he replied. "Have you
been hinting at anything?"

"Oh, dear, no," she answered, with sus-
picious haste. "I was just thinking, you
know."

"Thinking of what?"
"Why suppose—you suppose, you
know—that I was a hint."

After pondering the matter deeply for
several minutes he decided to take her—
New York Times.

A startling array of the popular Kaiser
Zinn, suitable for wedding gifts, at J.
Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner
Locust and Seventh streets.

\$30 to California

That is the Rock Island's rate from St. Louis.
In effect daily, February 15 to April 30. Tickets
are good in tourist sleeping cars, which the Rock
Island runs every day in the week Kansas City to
Los Angeles and San Francisco. These cars
make quicker time to Southern California than
similar cars over any other line. Cars are oper-
ated over both the "Scenic" and "Southern"
lines. Thro' tourist car for California leaves
St. Louis Tuesdays; for Portland, Thursdays.
Folder giving full information mailed on request.



If you are going to California, GO NOW. After
May 1 it will cost you nearly \$20.00 more than at
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Low rates to Montana, Idaho, Utah and Puget
Sound are also offered by the Rock Island.
Write or call. We'll gladly give you full infor-
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REGISTERED TRADE MARK.

The Skin's Ideal Neighbor

is a fabric that will radiate perspiration
readily and maintain an even surface
temperature.

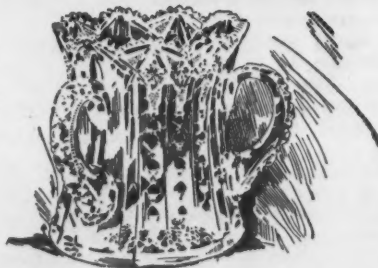
There is nothing which so nearly ap-
proaches perfection in this regard as . . .

Kneipp Linen Mesh Underwear

a beautiful open fabric woven from pure
Irish linen yarns. The Kneipp Linen Mesh
wears like good, old-fashioned homespun,
and gives better value in health and ser-
vice than any underwear on the market.
Sold in St. Louis by

Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney.

Wedding Glassware from Dorflinger's



will always be found to be the embodiment
of the highest style of skill in workmanship,
and beauty and grace in design, while not
more costly than commonplace
glass without name.

Ask your dealer for glass
with this Trade-Mark label.



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Trade Paper
Reaching the
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Merchants
Who Buy
in the
St. Louis
Market.

Kinloch B 830;

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and Edited
by a Real
Country
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Who has
Some
Decided
Opinions
on Business
Methods.
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Will do more to beautify a home, its furnishings or surroundings, than any expenditure of like amount in any other way.

All Paint is Cheap, Even Good Paint. Then why use Poor Paint?

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GREGG VARNISH CO.,
 Makers of Reliable Products,
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FAUNA OF PHILADELPHIA

I.
 The Nighthawk—This is a bird of prey that scavenges on men's pocketbooks. It is usually ferocious, uncleanly in its habits, has a loud scream and is distinctly nocturnal.

II.
 The Scapegoat—An animal that is widely distributed and of several varieties. It has been found as far back as the time of Livy, and we suspect was known even before then. It is unlike other goats in that it is almost always mild, seldom butts and is very docile and credulous.

III.
 The Sponge—Resembles the species found outside of this locality very distinctly and is always found attached to something, usually "rocks." Like the imported sponge, it can be "treated" after death, but has not the same utility.

IV.
 The Bookworm—An ophidian that seldom crawls into the light of day, but prefers to dig into old books. Its eyes are usually small, its body slim and its color a minus quantity. It often avoids men and, though the ancients esteemed it a very wise animal, its abilities have fallen into some slight disrepute in modern times.

V.
 The Bigbug—This is somewhat of a rare avis, and like its kind, usually objectionable. It is generally found in restaurants feeding on scraps of adulation, and haunts public places and crowds where it can be seen. It is of several varieties; the predatory, or financial; the lachrymose, or artistic; and the bibulous, or political.

VI.
 The Gayoldog—A very peculiar biped, inasmuch as it is never found in its youthful state. It is rather numerous, largely nocturnal in its habits and very noisy. It is convivial, seldom traveling alone, and almost human in its conceit.

VII.
 The Spitecat—Not at all indigenous to this locality, and so very common and well known as to call for no comment.

VIII.
 The Wharfrat—Usually seen along the Delaware in the summer. The younger male specimens are more frequent and are found very annoying to old ladies on ferryboats on account of their nude state. The scream is loud and shrill. They are not quite amphibious, but are very good swimmers.

IX.
 The Socialion—Not at all fierce nor vicious; this animal's name belies it. It is easily tamed when in captivity and is not at all averse to being petted and fondled. We have often seen young maidens feed

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Not necessary to learn to play any instrument. Buy the new up-to-date Graphophone. Reproduces perfectly band, orchestra, violin, piano, cornet and the human voice.

THE DISC GRAPHOPHONE IS MADE IN THREE TYPES,
 Selling at **\$15, \$20 and \$30**

7-inch records, 50 cents each;
 \$5 per dozen.

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Columbia High Speed Moulded Records fit all types of talking machines using cylindrical records and are superior to all others.

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709 Pine Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.

100 New Rooms.

Fronting **The Monticello,** At Kingshighway
 Forest Park and West Pine Bl'vd.

Engage family suites in new house with decorations to suit.

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Music Evenings.
 Open After Theater.

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It sweets with perfect impunity. Different specimens of this same genius vary very largely in habits.—Punch Bowl.

Camel Borax



—BE SURE YOU GET THE—
CAMEL BORAX
if you want to clear your house of
Moths, Bugs and Roaches. 85 re-
cipes in every package.

For Sale at all First
Class St. Louis Grocers.

SOCIETY

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and
Locust.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Pierce returned
from New York for the dedication cere-
monies.

Mrs. F. C. Riddle, of Cabanne, has
gone to make a visit to her niece, Mrs.
Babbitt, of Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Goodman King, left,
Wednesday, to sail for Japan. They will
make a prolonged tour.

Mrs. Joseph Schnaider, as usual, will
leave, the latter part of May, with all
the members of her family.

Face and scalp treated by massage and
electricity at Fiddis Cosmetic Parlors,
DeMenil Bldg., Seventh and Pine.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Nugent have
planned to spend the summer abroad,
and will sail the second week in May.

Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Clark, of Portland
place, will sail in May. Their St. Louis
house will be closed till the late Fall.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Wallace, of Van-
deventer place, will leave for Europe in
June. The German spas are their ob-
jective point.

Mrs. S. Hirschl, of Nicholson Place,
mother of Mrs. Hans Schuster, will make
her second trip abroad within two years.
She sails next week.

Mrs. Charles E. Ware and her daughter,

Miss Eloise Ware, are still in Italy. They
will go to Switzerland before returning
home in the autumn.

Mr. Samuel Cupples is contemplating
a trip abroad and may sail in June, ac-
companied by his two nieces, Mrs. Scud-
der and Mrs. Taylor.

Mrs. Alexander Konta will sail in June
with her little son. She will be joined
by Mr. Konta later in the summer, and
return with him in August.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goldstein, of
Westminster place, have engaged pass-
age for the first week in May. Theirs
will be a pleasure trip, pure and simple.

Mr. and Mrs. "Tony" Faust, Sr., their
daughter, Mrs. A. D. Gianinni and Miss
Vera Gianinni, are now at Naples. They
will all come back with the Ehlermanns.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison I. Drummond
returned from the Florida resorts direct
to their summer home at Dobb's Ferry.
They will remain there during the heated
season.

Mrs. Clementine Hellman has already
departed for Europe. Paris is her first
stopping-place. From there she will go
into Germany and spend the heated term
in Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Koehler, who were
married in Washington last week, have
taken a suite of apartments at the South-
ern Hotel, where they will be domiciled
until warm weather.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Schwab are in New
York preparing for their departure the
middle of May. They will travel through
Germany, and return to St. Louis by way
of Paris, in August.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Busch, with
their daughter, Miss Wilhelmina Busch,
will sail for Europe early in May to spend
the greater part of the summer at their
villa, Lily, on the Rhine.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Cochrane and
family are going abroad for the summer
and will leave as soon as Mr. Cochrane
can wind up necessary business matters
with the Missouri Pacific R. R.

Dr. and Mrs. L. P. Pollman, of St.
Louis avenue, are among the May pas-
sengers of a German liner. The doctor
will visit the principal clinics and medical
colleges at Berlin, Vienna and Munich.
The Pollmans will not return till Oc-
tober.

The marriage of Miss Alma Stix, daugh-
ter of Mr. William Stix, of Lindell boule-
vard, and Mr. Milton Einstein, of New
York City, took place very quietly at the
family home on Lindell boulevard at high
noon to-day, Rev. Dr. Harrison officiat-
ing. Only the immediate families were
present, and the bride and groom have
now gone to New York, whence they will
sail Tuesday, for Europe.

St. Louisans will sojourn in Europe
this summer in greater numbers than
ever. As next year will be a "stay-at-
home" season on account of the World's
Fair, the exodus this year is largely
increased. The Eastern steamship agen-
cies are overbooked with applications for
berths on outgoing steamers way ahead
till the last of July, and in many in-
stances return passage is not engaged till
late in the fall and winter.

Miss Emily Catlin has just set May 20th
as the date of her approaching marriage
to Mr. Arthur Shepley. This will be one
of the largest and most fashionable events
of the spring, as both young people are
members of wealthy and aristocratic fam-
ilies. Miss Catlin is the daughter of Mr.
and Mrs. Ephron Catlin of Vandeventer
place. Miss Catlin and her lovely young
cousin, Miss Emily Catlin Wickham, have
been the center of the fashionable set
during the winter gaieties.

Mr. Julius Koehler prepared a pleas-
ant matrimonial surprise for his friends
last week, while making a visit to his
fiancee, Miss Alma Portner, in Washing-
ton, D. C., by winning her consent to an
immediate marriage and bringing her
home as his bride, after having apprised
his astonished relatives of the fact by
wire. They were married last Thursday
at the home of the bride's parents, in
Washington, and spent a few days at At-
lantic City, before returning to St. Louis.
They have taken a suite of apartments
at the Southern, where they will re-
main until warm weather.

Mrs. Huntington Smith gave a delight-
ful musical afternoon last Friday, when
her handsome niece, Miss Mary Belle
Spalding, a niece also of Bishop Spalding,
of Kentucky, was the guest of honor.
Assisting the hostess in receiving was
Miss Ida Mellier, while Miss Adele Mel-
lier presided over the punch bowl, and
Mrs. Dr. Pollock circulated among the
guests to see all comfortable. Mrs. W. D.
Griswold, seated in a large arm chair,
held continual court. When all had as-
sembled, Mrs. Ponceford, of Cincinnati,
gave some pleasing selections, which
were followed by a fine musical pro-
gramme. About a hundred guests en-
joyed the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Bartholomew
sent out cards on Monday, announcing
the marriage of their daughter, Mrs.
Josephine Wooster, and Mr. Frank Bing-
ley Clark, which took place very quietly
on Saturday at the handsome new home
which the groom had purchased and fit-

Scruggs Vandervoort & Barney

Laces and Trimmings

As the season advances more and more will our choice collec-
tions of rare styles be appreciated—Every type of beauty is
represented—at present the assortments are large, the quanti-
ties abundant.

Beaded and Spangled Robes are very much to be desired this season—all
black and black and steel are those preferred—many to select from here
—no two alike—\$17.50 up to \$35.00 each.

Fancy lace bands in all widths and styles, in white, ecru and butter, as
well as a choice gathering of mixed colors—our assortment is most com-
plete—2 to 8 inches wide—35c up to \$4.50 a yard.

All-overs, 18 to 20 inches wide, are being used very largely for waists—
they are of Point Venise and Irish Crochet—prices range \$1.50 up to
\$14.50 a yard.

Fancy Braids suitable to the day for trimming tailor-made
suits and the popular shirt waist skirts—all colors and black,
also white, are shown in profusion.

Linen bands add so much to the stylish seaside and mountain costumes—
some very handsome ones are embroidered in colors—all widths up to 6
inches wide—50c to \$1.50 a yard.

Fine Diamonds

—AND OTHER—

PRECIOUS STONES

Mounted and Unmounted at

F. W. Drosten's,

Seventh and Pine Streets.

The
Silverware
We
Sell



is built on the heirloom plan, made
to last for years and years, and then
descend to the next generation.

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

SPOONS, FORKS, ETC.,

are as near perfection for this purpose as
is possible, and we shall take pleasure in
showing you all the late designs in this
reliable brand.

The PALACE

512 Locust St.
THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE NOVELTY
HOUSE IN ST. LOUIS.

PHONE MAIN 676 A.
MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY.

ted up as a bridal gift to his bride. Rev.
Dr. S. J. Nichols performed the cere-
mony at eleven o'clock in the morning,
which was witnessed only by the imme-
diately families. Mr. Frank Wooster,
the son of the bride, was present, as
were also her parents, Mr. and Mrs.
Bartholomew. Mr. and Mrs. Clark are
now enjoying a bridal tour East, and
upon their return will be "at home" to
friends on Fridays in May at 4379 Mc-
Pherson avenue.

Mrs. D. H. Bishop's luncheon next Sat-
urday afternoon will be given in honor of
Miss Christine Waterman, who is one of
the early May brides.

— — —

"Say, old man, how do you happen to
be able to buy such a valuable diamond
ring for your wife? You are reckless
with your money!" "No, not at all; it
will be a great saving; since when she
is wearing the ring she needs only half
as many gloves." Likewise, if you buy
Swope's shoes you have only to buy half
as many pairs, for Swope's shoes are
unexcelled in durability; the best in fit,
finish and style. Swope's is at 311 North
Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

EFFICIENCY EXCELS
TRY
GERMILETUM
ANTISEPTIC
TOOTH PASTE
THE IDEAL
DENTIFRICE
REFRESHES
PRESERVES
PURIFIES
NO ACID
DRUGGISTS
15¢



COMING ATTRACTIONS

Miss Julia Marlowe, having terminated the largest and most successful engagement she has ever played in New York City, where she presented George W. Cable's beautiful and widely popular Southern romance, "The Cavalier," at the Criterion Theater, for over one hundred performances, to the largest receipts in the history of the theater, is now visiting a limited number of the larger cities with the play, which has been skillfully dramatized by Paul Kester and George Middleton. She will open her engagement at the Olympic Theater, Monday, April 27. The play deals with incidents concerning the late Civil War and the struggle between the North and the South, and while the sympathy leans somewhat towards the Southern cause, there is nothing in the story to offend the susceptibilities of the most Northern partisan. Indeed, the war incidents in the play are used by the authors merely as a background to a simple story throbbing with the purest of human emotions. The gray of the Southern uniform predominates and lends a novel interest. Miss Marlowe has never been seen to greater advantage than in "The Cavalier." As Charlotte Durand, Miss Marlowe has excelled herself. The character of the heroine of "The Cavalier" is full of complexities, and the entire gamut of the emotions is freely run by Miss Marlowe in her portrayal of the spy-heroine. From gay to grave, from the most whimsical comedy to the heights of tragedy, Miss Marlowe ranges and sways her audiences hither and thither at her own sweet will. A beautiful production has been provided for the play and Miss Julia Marlowe is supported this season by a company of more than usual distinction, numbering over fifty people.

"Mrs. Jack," in which Miss Alice Fischer will make her appearance here under the direction of Mr. Henry B. Harris at the Century Theater, on April 26th, is a farcical comedy by Grace Livingston Furniss, the principal personage of which is a sprightly young widow of ultra-conventional ways. The fun of the piece lies in the characters, most of them adventurers, parasites and poor relations of "Mrs. Jack's" deceased husband, with whom the widow finds herself surrounded in coming to New York to take possession of her estate. Thanks to them and "Mrs. Jack's" own breezy ways, there is no lack of action or incident. Miss Fischer is supported by a strong cast, and the

production will doubtless enjoy as large a patronage as it did when first played here last season.

Pretty songs and dances, effectively rendered and gracefully tripped, added not a little to the enjoyment of Sunday evening's performance at the Germania, when "Das Blitzmadel" was presented. Wednesday evening, "Emilia Galotti," that beautiful drama by Lessing, was given a most finished presentation. Sunday, April 26th, Messrs. Heinemann and Weib and their delightful company, will give, for this season, their farewell play. They have chosen one of the most pleasing comedies possible in Oscar Blumenthal's "Graefin Fritzl." Patrons of the Germania who appreciate the management's earnest endeavors to popularize the German theater should demonstrate their approval by attending Sunday evening en masse.

Mr. Guy Lindsley will present a number of pupils of his Thespian art school, at the Germania, on Fourteenth and Locust streets, April 25. The programme is one of the most interesting presented by Lindsley pupils this season. A dramatization of one of Charles Reade's delightful stories, "Art: A Dramatic Tale," under the title, "Bittersweet," a one-act comedy, will form the first part of attractions, in which Miss Emma Blanch Levy, an exceptionally versatile amateur actress of St. Louis, will essay the leading

Beautiful New Selection

Fine Cut-Glass and Silverware

Just Received For April Weddings

A. Kurtzeborn & Sons,
JEWELERS,
310 North Sixth.

For Ladies
and Gentlemen.

String Quintette evenings
Music Director H. Wallace.

Colonial Cafe

SOUTHWEST CORNER
Grand Avenue and
Morgan Street.

Gus Voigt, Proprietor.
(formerly of Planters Hotel.)

D. 1475—Lindell 109.
Saint Louis.

role. "Ours," a pretty military comedy in three acts, will also be presented and, doubtless, will prove quite entertaining, as it is replete with martial music and plenty of action. Besides Miss Levy, others of importance who will appear in the cast are Clara Hock, Laura Sawyer, Jessie Clement, Joseph Solari, Frank J. Lipp, Winfield S. Muehleisen, E. J. Seems and Pierce Weber. An attractive feature of the programme will be the playing of several selections by the Smith Academy Mandolin Club. The Junior Drum Corps of the Social Turnverein will also be heard in military music. Tickets are now on sale at Bollman Bros.' Music Store, 1120 Olive street.

It is the consensus of opinion among all those who have witnessed the Adam Forepaugh-Sells Brothers' circus, at Laclede and Vandeventer avenues, that it is

FROM BEHIND THE VEIL.

By Andrew J. Arthur.

It is an out-of-the ordinary novel * * * of historical interest * * * a quite readable romance and one that is apt to be finished when once begun. * * *—*St. Louis Republic*.

* * * It is a tale of love and adventure which ends happily * * * Its descriptions of out-door life is one of the best things in the book.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

We conscientiously recommend it as being worthy of purchase and perusal.—*St. Louis Christian Advocate*.

Another Missouri book * * * It is an interesting story of life in the long ago among the Toltecs.—*The Columbia Missouri Herald*.

A romance of the mysterious civilization of the Toltecs in Mexico * * * of decided historical interest.—*The Christian Evangelist, St. Louis, Mo.*

"To ANDREW J. ARTHUR, * * * In appreciation of his story, 'From Behind the Veil.'" In all cordiality,
ROBERT J. BURDETTE,

"It is a book one can hardly shut until he has completely finished reading it."
DR. J. K. BAUDUY, SR.,
St. Louis, Mo.

"I can truthfully say I enjoyed the story very much."
MRS. LUCY K. WALKER,
President of the Junior Union of Sunday School Teachers of St. Louis.
4277 Lucky street, St. Louis, Mo.

This is a new book, now in its second edition, brought out by the Christian Publishing Company of St. Louis, Mo., and for sale at all the book stores at \$1.25.



Our Special \$5 Boys' Suits

Ages 6 to 16 Years

Will be known as the standard suit for boys; all others will be judged by this standard. The most dependable wools, both American and foreign, will be exclusively employed. The best makers of our country will design and tailor these garments into fashion's latest mode—linings and trimmings will blend to produce the best effects.

Our Five-Dollar Boys' Suits will be made to contain more value than any ever produced anywhere, and we shall maintain this standard above all others. The newest weaves and color combination, artistic and manly, await your pleasure.

Werner Bros.

The Republic Building,
On Olive Street at Seventh.



The handy man of the family, the Overcoat family—the Covert Topcoat. No cloth takes hard knocks more easily—is less harmed by rain. No coat can be properly used so many places, so many times, at so many different hours. Six months a year sees the Topcoat "just the ticket." Cool summer evenings demand it; thaw days in winter welcome it. But so much, such constant, such hard use makes wise the purchase of the best Topcoat you can buy. That, translated means, buy a MacCarthy-Evans Topcoat—\$25 to \$45. A handy price is \$35.

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TAILORING CO.**

820 OLIVE. MAIN 2647
The Post-Office is Opposite

one of the most, if not the most, thrilling evening's entertainment ever presented under a tent in St. Louis. There are so many really "all star" features that one sits amazed and only gazes in admiration at the great kaleidoscopic passing of events. One of the supreme features of the show is the riding of the Lowande family, Oscar Lowande doing a back somersault from the back of one horse to that of another while the animals are in motion. Miss Emma Stickney does a graceful bareback act, and there are several other women riders of merit. There were the usual exciting hippodrome features, and the show closed with Diavolo's act of looping the loop. Diavolo rides down a long incline on a bicycle, his red body sharply outlined against the white tent. Suddenly he strikes the loop and goes around. It is a thrilling performance. The act is one of extraordinary danger, and its performance requires great nerve as well as judgment.

Plenty of vivacious action and pleasing musical numbers combine to make the two burlesques, at the Standard, this week, unusually entertaining. The Herbert brothers, acrobats, perform wonderful feats and receive rounds of applause. Adolph Adams' comedy characterizations are amusing, and Kelley and Reno contribute a laughable acrobatic turn. Massoney and Habelman, musical artists, render several pretty selections, as do, also, Smith and Champion. In short, it's an all-round good bill. Next attraction, "The Thoroughbreds."

CALIFORNIA AND BACK, \$47.50.

May 3rd, 12th to 18th, inclusive, final limit July 15th. Descriptive matter and full information Union Pacific R. R., 903 Olive St., St. Louis.

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$\frac{1}{2}$ RATES DECORATION DAY
Tickets on Sale May 29 and 30.

\$ 9.95 BELLEFONTAINE, O.
AND RETURN.
Tickets on Sale May 29 to June 3.

7.40 INDIANAPOLIS AND RETURN.
Modern Woodmen of America
Tickets on Sale June 14 and 15.

25.50 BOSTON AND RETURN
Christian Scientists Meeting.
Tickets on Sale June 11, 12 and 13.

13.30 PUT-IN-BAY, O. AND RETURN
Tickets on sale July 25, 26 and 27.

23.30 SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y. AND RETURN
Nobles of the Mystic Shrine.
Tickets on Sale July 5 and 6.

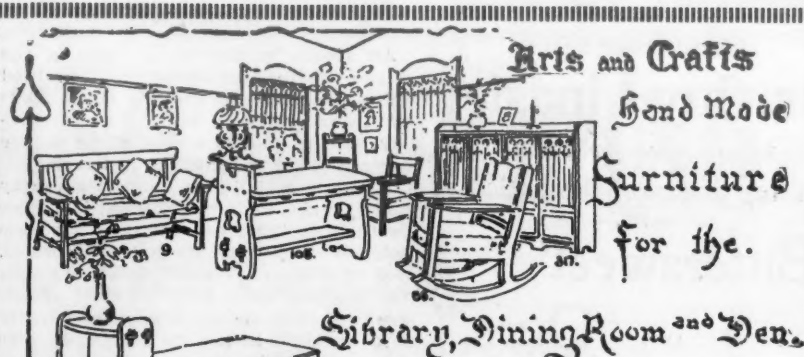
27.50 BOSTON AND RETURN
National Educational Association Meeting.
Tickets on Sale July 2, 3, 4, 5.

7.40 INDIANAPOLIS AND RETURN
Travelers' Protective Association of America.
Tickets on Sale June 8, 9, 10.

20.25 BALTIMORE AND RETURN
B. P. O. E. Annual Convention.
Tickets on Sale July 18, 19, 20.

GET TICKETS and all particulars at BIG FOUR Ticket Office, Broadway and Chestnut Street.

Or Address—H. I. NEWTON, C. P. A.
E. E. COWLES, City Ticket Agent.
C. L. HILLEARY, A. G. P. A.,
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BROADWAY AND LOCUST

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ON THE
WABASH LINE**

Affords all the comforts to be had in the most luxurious homes or in the best of hotels, and the days pass only too swiftly.

The Parlor and Observation-Cafe Library Car features on the Wabash trains, together with the Free Reclining Chair Cars and Dining Cars, have become widely known and very popular.

Through Cars are run between St. Louis and Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, New York, Boston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Denver, Portland, Ore., Minneapolis and St. Paul; between Chicago and Buffalo, New York, Boston and Montreal; between Kansas City and Buffalo.

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GERMANIA THEATER,

14th and Locust Streets.

Mr. Guy Lindsley

Presents a Number of Pupils of the

Lindsley School of Dramatic Art

—IN—

"Bittersweet"

AND "Ours,"

Saturday Evening, April 25.

Tickets are now on sale at Bollman Bros.' Music Store, 1120 Olive Street.

N. B.—Applications can now be made for the Special Summer Course of the Lindsley School of Dramatic Art, which begins June 1st. Address GUY LINDSLEY, 4059 Delmar Boulevard.

Geo. Buddeus.

Piano Recital,

AT

Henneman Hall, 3723 Olive St.,

Tuesday, April 28th,

8 O'CLOCK.

Tickets \$1.00 and 50c. At Bollman's.

GERMANIA THEATER,

Heinemann and Welb Managers.

SUNDAY, APRIL 26, 1903.

CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

Gala and Farewell Night.

COMPLIMENTARY EVENING FOR DIRECTORS.

HEINEMANN AND WELB.

New! Fine Comedy! New!

GRAEFIN FRITZI

in 3 acts by Oscar Blumenthal.

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OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK.

Charles Frohman

presents

William Faversham

In H. V. Esmond's

Greatest Comedy

"Imprudence."

Reg. Mat. Saturday.

NEXT MONDAY.

Julia Marlowe

In George W. Cable's

Southern Romance

"The Cavalier"

Charles B. Dillingham,

MANAGER.

Seats on sale Thursday.

CENTURY

THIS WEEK.

Hall Caine's Powerful

Play

The Christian.

Liebler & Co., managers.

Reg. Mat. Saturday.

NEXT SUNDAY.

ALICE FISCHER

IN

MRS. JACK.

Seats on sale Thursday.

THE STANDARD

THIS WEEK.

Trocadero Burlesquers.

NEXT WEEK.

The Thoroughbreds

CARMODY'S,

213 N. Eighth St.

FINEST LIQUORS

THAT'S ALL.

THEIR END

An article by Mr. W. J. Long in the "Field Naturalist's Quarterly," entitled "How the Animals Die," is quite above the average of such work; it has sympathy, knowledge, and a sense of style. We quote from the concluding sentences:

The vast majority of animals go away quietly when their time comes; and their death is recorded because man has eyes only for exceptions. He desires a miracle, but overlooks the sunset. Something calls the creature away from his daily round; age or natural disease touches him gently in a way that he has not felt before. He steals away, obeying the old warning instinct of his kind, and picks out a spot where they shall not find him till he is well again. The brook sings on its way to the sea; the waters lap and tinkle on the pebbles as the breeze rocks them; the wind is crooning in the pines—the old, sweet lullaby that he heard when his ears first opened to the harmony of the world. The shadows lengthen; the twilight deepens; his eyes grow drowsy; he falls asleep. And his last conscious thought, since he knows no death, is that he will waken in the morning when the light calls him."



JUSTIFIABLE HATRED

"Why does Mrs. Linsmore hate Mr. Templeton so relentlessly?" asked Ho-jack.

"He once alluded to her as a well preserved woman, and some one reported it to her," replied Tomdik.—Detroit Free Press.



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After the theater, before the matinee or when down town shopping, the

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OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel

has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

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DERBY DAY, APR. 25

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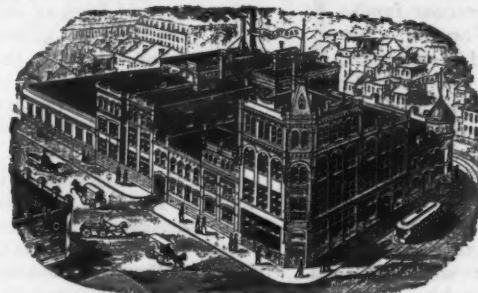
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1:00, 1:45 (2:45 except Saturday.)	11:00 a. m., 1:30 and 1:55 p. m.
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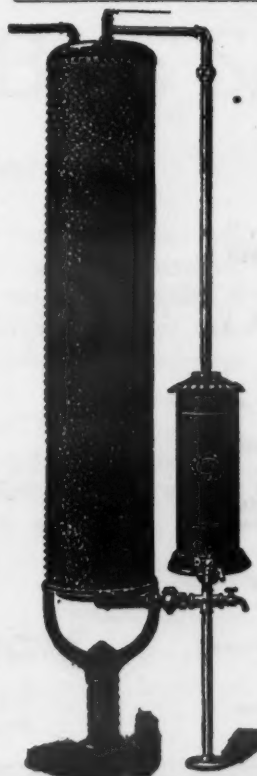
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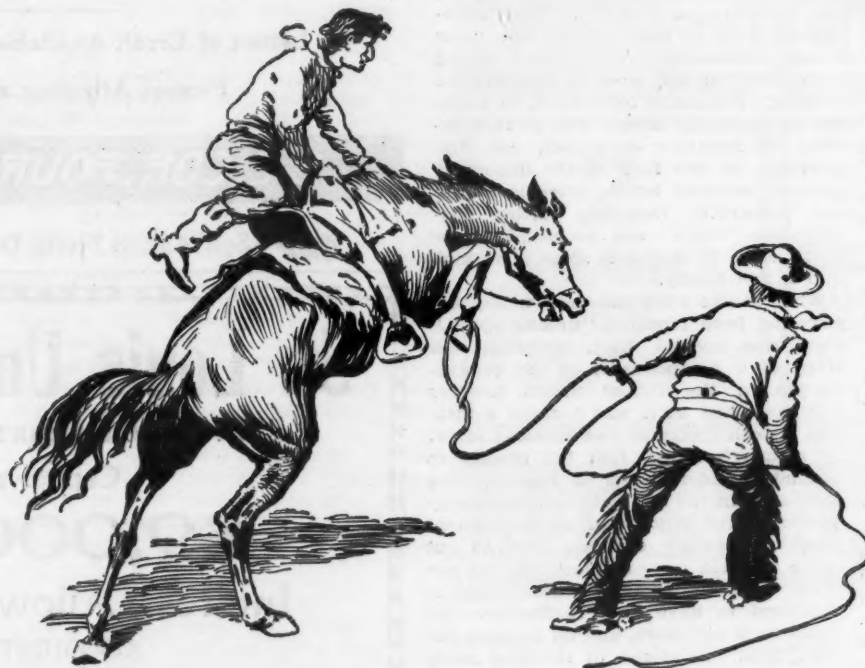
CARNIVAL of RIDING and ROPING

Fair Grounds, St. Louis,

Sunday, May 3, 1903,

TWO PERFORMANCES,
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Unprecedented
Attractions,
Depicting
Cowboy Life
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Thrilling
Features.

Presenting Among Other Events the Following Well Known Individuals and Attractions :

Miss Lucille Mulhall—Oklahoma,
Champion Lady Rider and Roper of the World.

Miss Cherry Harris—Williston, North Dakota,
The Peerless Horsewoman of the Northwest.

R. Conley—Big Springs, Texas,
Holding World's Roping Record Gained at El Paso, March, 1903—
21 1/4 seconds.

Charley Pool—Chelsea, I. T.,
Champion Wing Shot of the Territory.

Clay McGonigle—Midland, Texas,
Champion Roper in the Three-Steer-Tie.

Joe Gardner (Handsome Joe)—San Angelo, Texas,
One of the Swiftest in the World, a Fascinating Rider of the Plains
and Winner of Many Contests.

Gus Pickett—Decatur, Texas,
Winner of St. Louis Roping Contests.

Will Garratt (Nephew of the Noted PAT. GARRATT.) Roswell, New Mexico,
An Ideal Rider.

F. M. Borjorquez—City of Mexico,
The Pride of the Republic—Representing Mexico in Roping Contests.

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Texas' Most Fascinating Rider—A Peer Among Horsemen of the
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S. T. Privett—San Angelo,
The Pride of Tom Green County.

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Champion Broncho-Buster of Mexico.

Jim Hopkins—Mulhall, O. T.
The All-'Round Rider and Roper—A Champion in Two Classes.

Bob Miller—North Dakota,
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An Ideal Specimen of Texas Cowboy.

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A Famous Rider from the Australian Bush—First appearance here.

Frank Sterrett—Abeline, Texas,
Champion Rider and Rifle Shot of Texas.

Also a Large Band of Indian Territory Cowboys.

Sioux, Cheyenne and Osage Indian War Dances.

Champion Glass Ball Shots,
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Relay Riding,
Demonstrating Lightning Changes—Introducing both Lady and
Gentlemen Riders.

Wild Cattle Riding,
By Entire Company of Cowboys, a Feature Never Before Presented.

FRISCO SYSTEM COWBOY BAND.

The contestants in this carnival are in no case professional show people, but on the other hand represent the best of their class in each instance as found pursuing their vocations.

COL. ZACK MULHALL, Director General.

THE STOCK MARKET

After thinking matters over in a sober spirit, the Wall street fraternity has, apparently, settled down to the conclusion that things are, after all, not as bad as they looked to be a week ago, and that much of the late liquidation was brought about more by insensate scare than legitimate reasons. In some circles, there is even a belief that the Government will not dare to do anything further in its trust-"busting" campaign, but will rest content with what it has achieved in the Northern Securities case, and point to its triumph, next year, as indubitable evidence of the sincerity of its opposition to monopolies, and as ground on which it may lay claim to the support of the masses of voters. That political reasons are at the bottom of much of this Rooseveltian campaign against monopolies admits of little doubt. The President is anxious to secure a renomination and reelection. He is ambitious, and, being this, willing to do something unusual and unexpected if only for the purpose of getting the votes of the millions who are inimical to the centralizing tendency among our railroad and industrial enterprises.

It is not likely that the Attorney General will institute proceedings against other unlawful combines pending the appeal to the United States Supreme Court in the Northern Securities case. He will prefer to be absolutely certain of his ground before renewing his attack in other directions. Until fall, therefore, Wall street syndicates will have nothing further to fear from the courts, and may once more go ahead in efforts to boost prices and to dispose of "undigested" masses of shares.

Will they succeed? Is there any reason to assume that the public will soon be eager purchasers again in Wall street? The answer to these questions is, No. With money markets in their present condition, with surplus reserves at the lowest level of thirteen years, with loans materially above deposits, with the Federal Treasury practically unable further to extend relief in emergencies, with Europe unable or unwilling to pull us out of the hole, a boom in stocks is out of the question, and would, or should, be discouraged at once by the banks if an attempt were to be made to bring it about. Of course, there may be the usual pyrotechnical results of manipulation in some issues which lend themselves easily to things of that kind, but nothing like a big, concerted movement all along the line is at all probable.

The late sharp decline has, unquestionably, induced a good many people with idle money to buy good dividend-paying stocks, which had reached a fairly attractive level, such as New York Central, Pennsylvania, St. Paul common, Northwestern common, B. & O. common, Dela-

ware & Hudson, Frisco second preferred and Atchison preferred, and this may be expected to give the market some sort of resiliency and recuperative power for months to come, and, eventually, furnish the basis of a new and real bull movement after present difficulties have disappeared and the situation has once more assumed a reassuring character.

The sudden breaking off of all negotiations between the Rock Island and St. Louis & S. F. interests, induced a material decline in the value of the latter company's shares, much stock being thrown overboard by disappointed, scared and weakened holders. The sharp decline was, however, followed by an equally sharp rebound, the stock, at this writing, being almost 8 points above the low level of last Tuesday. That negotiations will be resumed in the near future is doubtful. The "deal" found little favor in the eyes of conservative banking interests in New York, to whom the consolidation mania has at last become unqualifiedly distasteful and disquieting. In the face of the important decision rendered lately, there is hardly any probability that any further consolidation "deals" will be heard of, or again serve to rouse the speculative mob into a fine frenzy.

When stocks were still very weak, and suffering from repeated "sinking spells," there was revived that beautiful old story of a readjustment of the capitalization of the United States Leather Company, and on it was founded a little rise in both preferred and common stock. It seems, however, that the usually so obtund outsider failed to see anything attractive in the bait held out, and wisely preserved the attitude of an experienced skeptic. Leather common used to cut quite a swath in years gone by. At one time, a young plunger, whose name is supposed to have been Rockefeller, put it up to 40 and more, and on nothing else but "talk," on stories of the kind lately revived by enterprising stock-jobbers. What good any sensible person can see in Leather common is difficult to perceive. The stock is hardly worth anything, except for voting purposes, and the possibility that it ever will be paying dividends is so slim that it is invisible to the naked eye of speculative imagination.

Copper issues are still tumbling on the other side. Paris and London speculators have been dumping big lots of this sort of "stuff" in the last few days. Political apprehensions are held to be partly responsible for the break, but it is more likely that careful calculations of the statistical trade position of the metal were the prime depressing factor. Supplies abroad are increasing rapidly, and American exports still below the level of 1902. Whether the Amalgamated crowd will dare to fly into the face of existing facts and renew its efforts to lift values, is a question that is of much interest to the rank and file of Wall street traders.

The Tennessee Coal & Iron Co. is rolling up big earnings these days, and there are rumors that the company will soon resume paying dividends. A few years ago, they paid three or four quarterly dividends at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, and then stopped very unexpectedly, but not until insiders had been enabled to "unload" at from 100 to 125. A good many venturesome bears fell by the wayside on that occasion. The stock was whirled up from 50 to 125, and then let down again to 47. Dividends were paid when the price was at the top, just for the purpose of scaring bears into covering, and stopped again when the trick had accomplished its object. Tennessee is a fine old stock, but, believe me, my dear young speculator, it comes high either to buy or to sell it. It is one of those things which we should admire only from a distance.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Local brokers report increasing activity. They say customers are again

THE FOURTH NATIONAL BANK

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT DEPOSITORY.

CAPITAL, - - - \$1,000,000.00

SURPLUS, - - - \$1,000,000.00

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LINCOLN TRUST CO.

SEVENTH AND CHESTNUT STS.

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While away this season, store your art treasures, silver plate, family relics, or whatever you may value highly, in our Storage Vaults. They will be absolutely safe—you'll be freed from worry.

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ST. LOUIS

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IN ST. LOUIS

2:15 P. M. TO-DAY.

IN DENVER

3:15 P. M. TO-MORROW

TICKETS AND BERTHS AT
S. W. CORNER BROADWAY AND
OLIVE STREET.

evinced desire to buy, and to "get in" before the expected boom begins. There is no doubt that the situation has become a little clearer. Banks report increasing reserves, and interest rates are not as stiff as they were up to a few weeks ago. The immediate future favors the bull side of the account, and there may be quite a little advance in many issues, if nothing untoward intervenes to disturb the growing feeling of optimism and confidence. Business conditions in St. Louis are known to be sound and exceedingly promising, and it will, therefore, not take much reasoning to convince would-be buyers of the advisability of acting now and at the prevailing range of prices.

Missouri-Edison common was the star attraction in the past week. It rose to 24 on large purchases, and, at one time, it looked as if it were about to cross 25. The preferred did not sympathize in the advance, however. At this writing, it is still obtainable at about 49, the best bid for it being 48. The 5 per cent bonds rose to 95½, and appeared to be in good demand.

Transit has also gained a little in value. Its present quotation is 27½. United preferred rose to 80. The 4 per cent bonds are firm at 84½.

Missouri Trust is selling at 127½. Colonial at 192½. Mississippi at 442½. Commonwealth at 290. Mercantile at 395 and St. Louis-Union at 354. Bank of Commerce rallied sharply, the stock now being quoted at 376 bid, 379 asked. For Third National 330 is bid.

Interest rates are a trifle easier. There is less demand from country customers. Drafts on New York remain at a good premium. Sterling is firm at 4.87½. Clearances show a moderate falling off.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Subscriber, Dallas, Tex.—Alton preferred pays 4 per cent. Earnings are not yet large enough to warrant payments on the common. The capitalization contains a good deal of water, the common stock particularly.

S. S. A.—There are no dividends in sight at present. The preferred is speculative. Would not advise you to invest in either. The last annual statement is obscure in various parts and has been severely criticised.

T. O.—Consider Colonial fairly attractive. Bear in mind, however, that in buying stocks of this kind margins must be ample. No shoe-string business will do.

D. G., Leavenworth, Kans.—Would advise you to hold C., B. & Q. joint 4s for the present. They are bound to rally from the present level.

L. T. O'M., Leavenworth, Kans.—Believe Southern Pacific entitled to a good advance. Whether it will go still lower, after a while, depends upon the wishes of the Union Pacific interests. Intrinsically, the stock is easily worth its present quotation of 56.

C. H.—The earnings are very large. Dividends on the preferred may be considered permanent. The bank stock you refer to is a good investment. There are rumors of a coming increase in the dividend rate.

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION MEETING, NEW ORLEANS, MAY 5-8.

Account of the above the Mobile & Ohio R. R. will sell tickets at rate of one fare for the round trip. St. Louis Office, 518 Olive street.

NATURALLY

"He appears to be thoroughly cowed," remarked the Western hero, as he turned in his saddle and watched the herd of cattle trample the villain under foot.—Princeton Tiger.

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

H. WOOD, President. RICH'D. B. BULLOCK, Vice-Prest. W. E. BERGER, Cashier.

JEFFERSON BANK,

COR. FRANKLIN AND JEFFERSON AVES., - - ST. LOUIS, MO.

We grant every favor consistent with safe and sound banking.

Highest rates of interest paid on time deposits.

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TRAINS
BY
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"THE
ONLY
WAY"

HANDSOMEST
TRAINS
IN THE
WORLD.

2
TRAINS
BY
NIGHT

CHICAGO & ALTON

THE NEW EQUIPMENT OF THE

DAYLIGHT SPECIAL

Was Specially Built for Service
FROM ST. LOUIS TO

Chicago

BY THE

Illinois Central.



BANKERS Say of Draughon's College,

TENTH AND OLIVE STREET.

Thirty-six (36) bank cashiers indorse DRAUGHON'S PRACTICAL BUS. COLLEGE, n. w. cor. Tenth and Olive (new building), as a school that is reliable, that gives superior instruction, that has special facilities for securing positions; 160-page illustrated catalogue, containing above-mentioned testimonials and other advice as to why it will pay you to attend Draughon's College in preference to any other, is free. Call, write or phone (Main 103 M). Open day and night. If wish position, may pay tuition after course is completed and position secured.



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Happy Hunting Grounds
These Pleasant Days
and you will be satisfied.



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CORSET
FITTING
JACKET,

Like Cut,
from
\$5.75 to
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Suits, Wraps and Waists

In a never ending variety of materials
and styles, on our second floor.

An opportunity to buy a handsome waist, like either cut, and at least ten other styles, for a mere pittance, when style, material and workmanship are taken into consideration. Just think of the price of.....\$2.25
Children's Suits in Peter Thompson style, fine crash linen, plaited skirts, blouse and sailor waists, with Peter Thompson ornaments and white band trimmings, ages 6 to 14 years; price\$2.98
The ever stylish Monte Carlo Taffeta Coats, trimmed with lace and tailor stitching; our price.....\$3.50
Taffeta Silk Blouse Jackets; also Monte Carlo Coats, all the newest styles of garniture; our price.....\$6.75
Suits in brown, blue and black cloths, in the latest styles; you are sure to be pleased with these at our price of.....\$15.00
SPECIAL—Dress and Walking Skirts of Brilliantine, in gray, blue or black—Special price of.....\$2.75

NO CHARGE FOR ALTERATIONS.

Big Cash Purchase of

Fine Black Goods

From the importing house of Lee, Tweedy & Co., New York, now retiring from business, at 50 cents on the dollar.

44-inch Black Mistral Etamine—Lee, Tweedy & Co.'s price 85c—Sale Price 59c
All-wool French Knot Etamine, imported by Lee, Tweedy & Co.—cost to import \$1.25—Sale Price..... 79c
Black French Voile, extra fine—Lee, Tweedy & Co. imported this fine line through Th. Michau & Co.—cost from \$1.25 to \$1.75—Sale Price, 85c to.....\$1.20
44-inch Black English Brilliantine Mohair—this quality cost Lee, Tweedy & Co. 85c—Sale Price..... 59c
Imported English Twine Cloth—very fine—Lee, Tweedy & Co.'s jobbing price \$1.87½—Sale Price.....\$1.20

Colored Dress Goods.

In anticipation of the great coming event, we have put on sale at specially attractive figures the following exceptional lots of up-to-date Dress Fabrics:

38-inch All-Wool Egyptian Crepe, full range of staple and evening wear shades, special value worth 75c—Our Price..... 50c
Imported Silk and Lace Stripe Mercerized Tissue, the very latest Paris summer fabric, worth 85c—Our Price..... 49c
45-inch French All-Wool Mistral Etamine, in navy, green and champagne colorings, exceptional value, worth \$1—Our Price 75c
Special quality French Voile, the kind that does not crush; best selection of shades in St. Louis—Our Price..... 89c
41-inch Pure Silk and Wool Eolienne Crepe and Crepe de Chine, including a full line of the most popular novelty shades—Our Price\$1.00

Women's Muslin Underwear.

SECOND FLOOR.



Women's Chemise Gowns, made of fine long cloth, neck trimmed back and front with lace insertion and wash ribbon, elbow sleeves, finished with ruffle edged with lace—Our Price.....\$1.00
Women's Cambric Skirts, umbrella ruffle, trimmed with Hamburg embroidery, finished with deep foot ruffle—Our Price..\$2.00
Women's Cambric Corset Covers, blouse front and tucked back, trimmed with embroidery, hemstitched ruffle on neck and arm holes—Our Price..... 50c
Women's extra length Chemises, made of fine long cloth, bottom of skirt finished with tucked ruffle, neck and arm holes trimmed with lace edge and wash ribbon—Our Price 75c

Women's Kimonas and Dressing Sacques

Women's Figured Lawn Dressing Sacques, fitted back (like cut), a perfect fitting garment—Our Price 50c
Women's Kimonas, made of fine quality figured lawn, finished with white lawn borders—Our Price\$1.50
Women's Wash Petticoats, made of good quality gingham, trimmed with narrow ruffles—Our Price 50c
Woman's Black Mercerized Sateen Petticoats, trimmed with three small ruffles and made extra full—Our Price.....\$1.00



WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.

THE ROMAN FORUM

From the age of Tiberius to that of Constantine the history of the Roman Forum is represented, says Professor Lanciani, by four great fires followed by three great restorations. The first was that of Nero in 65. The second was that of Titus in 80. The third was in the reign of Commodus, 191. The fourth took place in 283, in the days of Carinus. A century later occurred the abolition of pagan worship, which is mentioned as the first incident in the destruction of the Forum. Yet the place was in a tolerable degree of preservation as late as the beginning of the sixth century.

"What happened to the Forum from the ninth to the fourteenth century it is exceedingly difficult to say." The accumulation of soil probably began after the visit of Charlemagne in 800. After the devastation of 1084 the place seems to have become a vegetable garden. During the fifteenth century the hollow of the Forum became the receptacle of vast quantities of rubbish. It was the dumping ground of the city. Subsequently, for two hundred years, ending with the close of the eighteenth century, the place was ravaged by searchers for ancient marbles, and the remains of the venerable edifices were almost completely destroyed.

It was Pope Pius VII., "whose memory is dear to all lovers of art and antiquities," who began the work of reopening the Forum in the spirit of reverential regard for the past. His work was interrupted by the French invasion of 1809, but it was subsequently continued by other agencies. In 1870, after Rome became the capital of United Italy, the Government undertook the general excavation of the ground crossed by the Sacra Via from one end to the other. During nearly a quarter of a century that has passed since then, much has been done in the way of uncovering and making the most of what remains of the spot that was once the pride of Rome and the admiration of the world.

In 1898 the excavation of the Forum, in which but little had been done for fifteen years, was resumed on a more extensive and systematic plan than ever before. The aims of the Italian Government have been three: (1) The restoration to their original positions of the heaps of broken columns, cornices and bases accumulated in previous explorations. For instance, they have restored in part the temple of Vesta and reconstructed a tiny chapel near by. (2) To reach the lowest ancient level, wherever possible, without injuring later structures; to penetrate to early imperial, republican, kingly and even prehistoric strata. In pursuance of this object the Sacra Via, the most important of Roman streets, has been exposed to the original level in a considerable part of its course through the Forum. (3) To complete the investigation of structures already partly uncovered, and to excavate the unexplored sites of the Senate House and the Basilica Æmilia. Among the most important buildings whose plan can now be accurately determined is the Regia, the residence of the high priest adjoining the temple of Vesta, where with solemn ceremony he annually extinguished and re-lighted the sacred fire. Here Cæsar passed his last days, and here was spent that last night when, according to tradition, visions warned him and his wife, Calpurnia, of his doom.

Beneath the round temple of Vesta has been found the sacred vault where the holiest objects were kept, and where no one but a Vestal could ever enter. Close by is the house of the Vestals, where six

Vestals, each for thirty years, dwelt in strict seclusion, guarding the sacred fire in the temple adjoining. One of the most interesting discoveries is the basis of the altar erected on the spot where the body of Cæsar was cremated by the mob, after Antony's eloquent harangue. North of the Forum has been excavated the Basilica Æmilia. The large platform of the Basilica Julia, which Cæsar built in honor of his daughter, is one of the most conspicuous remains in the Forum.—From Current Literature.


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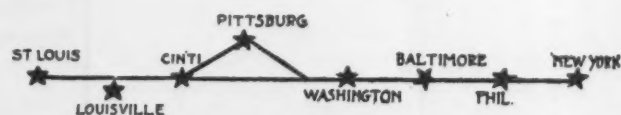
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